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The Week

THE meeting of the American Chemical Society in New York was opened by an address by Mr. Francis P. Garvan, president of the American Chemical Institute, and lately Alien Property Custodian. Mr. Garvan's address may fairly be called alarming. He assured the chemists that:

> In Germany today industrial reorganization for world domination first in the peaceful arts and then in war is proceeding mightily under the sympathetic eye and fostering care of a government which differs in no important particular, so far as the world outside Germany is concerned, from the government of the Hohenzollerns.

If Mr. Garvan is well informed the convention did well to pass resolutions calling for Germany's chemical disarmament. Nor is the danger a remote one. According to Mr. Garvan it is already within our gates.

> Moles in the darkness, German agents in America are once more plotting against our security, our prosperity and against the health of our very children.

Again if Mr. Garvan is well informed the convention did well to demand an embargo on importations of synthetic organic materials including dye stuffs. It might have gone farther and protested against the admission of any German not entirely ignorant of chemical processes. We do not doubt Mr. Garvan's scientific or patriotic attainments. The fact, however, that he is so closely connected with a business venture founded upon the confiscation of the German dye business in this country, and still demanding protection from German competition, diminishes, in our opinion, the value of his testimony.

NO less alarming in a real sense was the address of Dr. H. B. Kipper, given at one of the concluding meetings of the convention and amplified by him in an interview in the New York Evening Post: "Within five years," he assured us, "the world will fully understand the structure of matter, and within fifteen years we will be able to release the incalculable energy now locked up in the atom." The picture which Dr. Kipper drew of a world so copiously endowed with energy is, as the reporter found it, distinctly alluring. The possibility of making gold and silver in any quantity desired is perhaps less seductive than that of heating a house with half a pound of coal. The immediate and most terribly practical question which arises, however, is whether the first use of this, or any new source of energy, is to be destructive. It has long been apparent that man's control of physical force in the realm of natural science has far surpassed his control of spiritual forces in the field of morals and politics. Even without Dr. Kipper's prediction the meetings of the society contained ample warrant for the alarming question: Can political and social science catch up?

THE selling of unemployed men by auction on the Common in Boston is a new illustration of the talent of that city for political dramatization. The Boston Tea Party dramatized the issue between

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the colonies and Great Britain. The return of Anthony Burns to his master dramatized the issue of slavery. The march of Robert Shaw down Beacon Street at the head of his black troops dramatized the issue of race and color. It is possible that the spectacle of men stripped to the waist to show their physical capacity (and in one case at least fainting from malnutrition) being sold for wages may serve to dramatize the inhumanity, in the literal sense of the word, of our economic system, and to put public opinion behind measures necessary to deal with one tragic aspect of it.

THE Conference called to deal with Unemployment, it may be predicted, will be chiefly useful in the same direction. The general causes of unemployment are sufficiently known, and the economic and industrial policy of the government since the armistice affords ample explanation of the present acute phase of the problem. The experience of other countries in limiting or palliating this recurrent evil is accessible. The real remedy, the recognition of productive industry as primarily a public function for the public weal rather than a private enterprise for individual profit, and the intelligent, consistent direction of it to this end, has been widely discussed. What is needed is a specific program of what in the light of experience during the war, was referred to hopefully as reconstruction. Until public opinion enforces this demand we are, as respects the human element in industry, in the days in which Thomas Hood wrote.

THE abstention of the United States from the League of Nations puts definite responsibilities upon this country. One of these is involved in the repudiation of Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles—the clauses making labor a matter of international concern. Another is in the matter of disarmament. Mr. Balfour is perfectly logical in pleading in excuse for the failure of the League to make progress in this direction, the fact that the most powerful country in the world is outside of the League. His argument would have more force, is must be conceded, if Germany and Russia should be admitted to membership, and their relation to France and Poland put definitely on a peace footing. The Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament must be regarded as an attempt to fulfill our responsibility—an attempt which we are in honor bound to make, and in honor bound to make successful, so far as a genuine attitude of national sacrifice and goodwill on our part can accomplish it.

ANOTHER source of embarrassment caused by the absence of the United States from the councils of the League occurs in connection with the mandatories. Undoubtedly the mandatory provisions of the League in regard to backward peoples deal with a subject which is certain to become one of the foremost political questions of the world—a question which may divide continents and races. It may be conceded that these provisions were conceived in a spirit of good will and humanity, but they were drawn feebly. The mandatory rights of superior nations emanate from the Supreme Council, not from the League. The powers of the League over the administration of mandatories are by no means sufficient to sustain the principle that "the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization," or even to prevent such abuses as are specifically forbidden—"the slave trade, the arms traffic, the liquor traffic, the military training of natives for other than public purposes"—much less to "secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other Members of the League." The interest of the United States in the mandated territories arises out of its share in the common victory over Germany. Hitherto that interest has been manifested in regard to the control of communications centering in the island of Yap and the right to participate in the oil of Mesopotamia. This narrowly nationalistic attitude is by no means admirable. Here again the responsibility of the United States for a contribution to the settlement of the whole problem is obvious. Our position outside the League should be used to strengthen, not to thwart, the tendencies, as yet feeble, toward just and generous treatment of undeveloped peoples. It is open to the United States to raise the whole question, not only by direct communications with the nations concerned, but with the League itself. As in the case of disarmament it is for the United States to make the best and wisest use of its independence.

THE causes of the Russian famine may be given in the order of their importance as (1) the drouth, (2) the economic policy of the Soviet government, (3) the intervention by invasion or counter-revolution. It is with the last cause that the conscience of nations responsible for it should be occupied. The Public Accounts Committee of the British Parliament lately reported that stores were issued to Russian (counter-revolutionary) forces between November, 1918, and March, 1920, to the value of £17,828,000, besides cash subsidies amounting to £6,697,000. In addition £2,000,000 worth of stores were handed over to the Polish government. The United States during the same period fur-

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nished the Polish government with supplies and munitions valued at many millions, by agency of the Red Cross put considerable resources behind Yudenitch and Wrangel, and permitted the proceeds of the loan to Russia to be exhausted by the drafts of an ambassador who represented only counter-revolutionary activity. In the light of these great sums the modest estimates of the famine relief organization seem niggardly.

THE advocates of the control of child labor by legislation have recently been disturbed by the decision of Judge Boyd in the Western Judicial District of North Carolina, declaring the federal child labor tax law unconstitutional. The National Child Labor Committee through Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy, its secretary, points out that the scope of Judge Boyd's decision is limited to the two mills concerned in the case, and that the law remains in force elsewhere pending decision as to its constitutionality by the Supreme Court. The possibility of an adverse decision, as Mr. Lovejoy indicates, puts an urgent responsibility on the states which are lagging behind national opinion in the matter as expressed by Congress, to bring their legislation up to the moderate standard set by the law. In four states the child labor laws permit the employment of children under fourteen in factories and canneries, and in twenty states the employment of children under sixteen in mines and quarries. In seventeen states the laws permit children under sixteen to work in factories and canneries longer than eight hours a day, and in seven states to work at night. If the law is held to infringe on the powers of taxation reserved to the states, the second attempt to deal with the national shame of child labor by federal enactment will have failed, and the only recourse will be an amendment to the Constitution. In urging this, Life for Children should be as eloquent a slogan as Votes for Women.

THE analysis of the plebiscite in Silesia shows that in its incidence as well as in its aggregate the vote was highly unfavorable to the Polish claim. That vote stood 709,348 for Germany to 479,747 for Poland. Now it appears that out of seventeen Wahlkreisen, or counties, only four gave a majority for Poland. These are Pless and Rybnik in the south, and Tarnowitz and Gross-Strehlitz in the centre. To assign these four districts to Poland would be impossible, politically as well as economically. The proper solution from the point of view of the interests of the province and of economic Europe is to confirm its connection with Germany. If the League of Nations is not strong enough to carry a decision in favor of Germany, it can at least conform to the wishes of the inhabitants by maintaining the unity of the province as a neutral area. As such it might serve as a valuable object lesson to the world—a free industrial community like an island midmost the beating of the steely sea of nationalistic ambitions and competitions.

THE Foreign Policy Association has for the past three years been one of the most active agents in the political education of the people of the United States in respect to foreign affairs. Meetings arranged by the Association and bulletins issued monthly have given publicity to the views of experts on many of the important questions arising out of the war, and the political and economic unsettlement of Europe. The Conference on Disarmament and the Pacific gives to the Association an opportunity to increase its usefulness. Similarly its support must be largely increased if it is to realize its possibilities of effective service in arousing and directing public opinion in regard to questions vital to the nation. To allow the Association to fail now would be an inexcusable waste of power for good.

The Irish Preliminaries

THE session of the British Cabinet which was held at Inverness on September 7th brought the first stage of the discussion between England and Ireland to a close with the sentence: "His Majesty's government must, therefore, ask for a definite reply as to whether you are prepared to enter a conference to ascertain how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." This conclusion has the merit of defining the difficulty arising out of two outstanding and as yet incompatible elements—Ireland's national aspirations and her association with the empire. It skilfully includes both within the formula of the conference which is to ascertain how they can best be reconciled. If Dail Eireann accepts this invitation it will be distinctly on the assumption that such reconciliation is possible. That the world at large believes it possible will undoubtedly weigh in the scale for an affirmative decision, and the negotiations contemplated by Mr. Lloyd George in his initial note to Mr. de Valera on June 25th will begin.

For it is to be remembered that the notes and conversations exchanged up to this time were not the negotiations referred to in Mr. Lloyd George's

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original note. They were merely preliminary strategic movements designed to discover a basis for such negotiations. The audience may well be weary of a prologue so long sustained, yet it is worth while to note certain features of it as affording reasons for hope in the developments which are to follow.

And first of these reasons is the continuance of the discussion in spite of the fact that the parties to it have found no common ground. Repeatedly this failure was asserted as a reason for breaking off, and yet each time the rupture was avoided. In his first note Mr. de Valera made the recognition of the essential unity of Ireland and the principle of national self-determination the sine qua non of conference. To enforce the first he proposed to consult Sir James Craig and invited the latter to come to Dublin. When Sir James refused, Mr. de Valera telegraphed that in that case he could not accept Mr. Lloyd George's offer in its present form. "It is obvious," he stated, "that in negotiating peace with Great Britain the Irish delegation ought not to be divided, but should act as a unit on some common principle." Here was apparently an impasse: Mr. de Valera would enter a negotiation representing United Ireland or nothing. But a way was found. After consultation with Lord Midleton and Mr. Smuts, Mr. de Valera wrote to Mr. Lloyd George: "I am ready to meet and discuss with you on what basis such a conference as that proposed can reasonably hope to achieve the object desired."

And in similar fashion, in spite of the absence of common ground the discussion has proceeded. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals were handed to Mr. de Valera on July 21st and he returned to Ireland declaring that "no basis for formal conference has yet been found." When those terms were made public on August 13th, it appeared indeed that they fell short of full dominion status, but Mr. de Valera did not concern himself much with this aspect of them, preferring to rest his case on the general principle—the belief of the Irish people that their "national destiny can best be realized in political detachment, free from imperialistic entanglements which will involve enterprises out of harmony with the national character." This is the point at which the discussion stands at present. Dail Eireann in acting on Mr. Lloyd George's proposals did no more than ratify Mr. de Valera's rejection of them, and Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, has merely reasserted his position that Ireland must remain within the empire.

The continuance of the discussion in these circumstances is one reason for thinking that it will continue. More than this, in spite of the failure of the principals to achieve common ground, a careful reading of their exchanges suggests certain possibilities of agreement. The most obvious of these is by way of Ulster. It is to be noted that Mr. de Valera's original demand for independence and unity has become an alternative—independence or unity; and that he is willing to modify his absolute demand of the first to achieve the second is shown by his words:

> Certain treaty free associations with the British Commonwealth groups, as with a partial League of Nations, we would have been willing to recommend . . . had we assurances that the entry of the nation as a whole into such association would secure for it the allegiance of the present dissenting minority to meet whose sentiments alone this step would be contemplated.

It is true that Sir James Craig's position is that of an immovable body, and neither Mr. Smuts, Lloyd George nor the Southern Unionists have been able to change it. Yet the possibility always remains that Ulster will take the easiest way to save the empire. Of the three parties to the dispute her sacrifice would be by far the lightest. Her surrender would answer the question how the association of Ireland with the British empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations.

But even if Ulster remains obdurate and the answer must be made in terms of independence alone, the progress of the discussion gives signs of a trend, vague and slight though it be, toward something like agreement. Mr. Lloyd George's definition of independence was given in his offer of dominion status subject to certain restrictions of a strategical and financial nature. Mr. de Valera hardly took time to point out how seriously this offer fell short of true dominion status. The one element in dominion status which interested him was "the dominion's acknowledged right to secede." Yet Mr. de Valera's later phrasing does not explicitly rule out membership in the empire. "An association that would be consistent with our right to see what are our own interests—a combination of this sort would, I believe, commend itself to my colleagues." "Free and friendly cooperation is one thing. Forced cooperation is another." Mr. Lloyd George declares, "We can discuss no settlement which involves a refusal on the part of Ireland to accept our invitation to a free, equal and loyal partnership in the British commonwealth under one sovereign." Mr. de Valera replies, "They [your proposals] are not an invitation to Ireland to enter a free and willing partnership with the free states of the British commonwealth." Clearly there is here an approach to the common ground which is so much to seek. The phrase "consent of the governed"

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appears and its exact definition is discussed. The bearing of physical and historical facts, though interpreted differently, is recognized. Altogether it would appear that there is a suggestion slowly taking form according to which Ireland's relation to the empire may be defined, and accepted by plebiscite in terms of voluntary association.

But even if these gleams of promise prove false there is still one aspect of these preliminary exchanges which is hopeful. When on July 9th the truce was declared, it may hopefully be prophesied that a will to peace was manifested which in the end may prove more powerful than arguments, and will assert itself above theories and conditions. The strongest position which Mr. de Valera has taken was in pointing out the invalidating effect of the threat of force on any settlement that might be made. "They are made [Mr. George's demands] in a spirit of force, and for peace secured in these circumstances no one would have the slightest respect." He distinctly repudiated the use of force toward Ulster. On the other hand, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress and National Committee of the Labor party have within the last few days declared that, "A new war would be an outrage to the moral sense of the whole world and would never receive the sanction of the British people." This should become the first result of the preliminary negotiations between Great Britain and Ireland—a definite relinquishment of force as a means of controversy. If this can be predicated, the opportunity remains of giving creative effect to a solution of the most difficult problem known in a world of empires, nations, and racial minorities.

Dante in America

THE six-hundredth anniversary of Dante's death recalls a brief but noteworthy chapter in American scholarship. Some years ago Mr. William Roscoe Thayer contrasted Dante scholarship with that of the classics in America, much to the advantage of the former as regards its productive character. Although it may be questioned whether Mr. Thayer's predilection for Italian studies did not lead him into some exaggeration, nevertheless American interest in Dante, and contributions to knowledge and interpretation of him make a sufficiently impressive record. The study of Dante in America began with the romantic movement in culture. George Ticknor must be accounted as the father of Dante scholarship, as of romance studies in general at Harvard. He was succeeded by Longfellow whose genial task of assimilating in America the romantic material of the old world led him directly to the translation of Dante. He found sympathetic assistance in two of his colleagues, Lowell and Norton, who met with him in his study every Wednesday evening. The account with Norton gives of the cooperative effort of these scholars in colonial and provincial Cambridge, Massachusetts, so far away from the great currents of the world's thought, deserves to be quoted in the words which he spoke to the Dante Society on the occasion of Longfellow's death.

> We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticized, praised with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness and simplicity and modesty and by the entire confidence that existed between us. . . . They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship were with us.

Truly a discipleship not unworthy of the master, and an association that suggests the rare and tender charm with which Dante has recorded so many human relations.

In 1865, the six-hundredth year of Dante's birth, Longfellow's translation of the Inferno appeared, to be followed by the Purgatorio and Paradiso, and Norton's translation of the Vita Nuova. In 1872 Lowell's essay on Dante appeared. Ten years later, on May 16th, 1882, the Dante Society was founded, with Longfellow as President, Lowell as Vice-President, and Norton, as a member of the Council. In that year Longfellow died, to be succeeded by Lowell, and he in turn by Norton. The Dante Society has been a centre of energy for interest in Dante in America and by its support most of the larger contributions to Dante scholarship have been made, especially the three concordances, that of E. A. Fay to the Commedia, that of E. S. Sheldon to the minor Italian works, and that of E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins to the Latin works. The foundation of the Dante prize brought forward many young scholars, of whom the first prize winner, George R. Carpenter, showed by his essay on the Episode of the Donna Pietosa in the Vita Nuova promise that was cut short by his absorption in other activities and by his untimely death. Latham's translation of Dante's eleven letters was another effort which owed its being to the society. It is indeed a remarkable testimony to its influence that under its inspiration so many men of note in other fields have made contributions to the study of Dante. Perhaps by reason of the

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eminence of its founders it has enjoyed a prestige which has enabled it to grant a sort of blue ribbon in American scholarship, and in the rising tide of academic interest in physical science, to maintain a proud distinction as a stronghold of literary study.

The chief work of American students of Dante has been in translating him, and explaining him for the general public. Before Longfellow's came T. W. Parson's translation of the Inferno, and later Norton's. In the period of more exact and scientific scholarship which followed, Professor C. H. Grandgent is pre-eminent. In criticism there are the essays by Lowell and Santayana, and the introductions to the study of Dante by C. A. Dinsmore and J. B. Fletcher. Among American contributions to Dante scholarship should be mentioned the great collections of books in the libraries of Cornell and Harvard, whose usefulness has been multiplied by the careful bibliographical work of Mr. T. W. Koch and Mr. W. C. Lane.

The question will properly arise as to the special source of appeal which Dante has made to American scholarship, and which has attracted a deeper, more spiritual response than any other writer not of English speech. The answer is perhaps to be found in a quality which the two most eminent American critics of Dante have noted in him. Lowell expresses that quality in declaring that "Dante had discovered the incalculable worth of a single idea as compared with the largest heap of facts ever gathered." The Puritans had a passion for unity, for a conception of the universe, as opposed to a pluriverse. This explains the predominance of monistic idealism in American philosophy, and the disappointment of Henry Adams when such a world view was denied him. The descendants of the Puritans, ranging from Unitarianism to Agnosticism, kept this desire, and if they could not find its satisfaction in philosophy they found it at least in literature, in the mediaeval Dante. One may ask why they did not turn rather to their own poet, to Milton. Obviously the reason is that Milton stood too near them. His world order is too closely an expression of the Christian mythology which they had renounced. Dante gave them the rich and perfect concept of a world unity, and that the faith which inspired it was alien from theirs made the appeal of his art so much the greater. And it is in this appreciation of the unity of Dante that Mr. Santayana with his Catholic heritage and classical attitude joins the neo-Puritan critics in saying:

> His poetry covers the whole field from which poetry may be fetched, and to which poetry may be applied, from the innermost recesses of the heart to the outward bounds of nature and of destiny.

Garyism in West Virginia

"MAINTENANCE of the non-unionism policy entailed serious social consequences for the nation. . . . It entailed, for employers, the hiring of 'labor detective' agencies' operatives for espionage and strike breaking; for whole communities, the abrogation of the rights of assembly and personal civil rights; the use of state constabularies and of the United States army. . . . Democratic institutions in normal times were decisively modified for the purpose of preventing workmen's organizing.

"Great numbers of workers came to believe that local mayors, magistrates and police officials try to break strikes, and that state and federal officials help. . . . Tens of thousands of citizens believe that our American institutions are not democratic or not democratically administered." *

No, not West Virginia, 1921. But western Pennsylvania and Gary, Indiana, in 1919 exhibited the conditions described above. Between the two dates, in 1920 in Alabama, similar phenomena took place,—mine guards running out union men and killing some, military intervention, civil rights suppressed. Kentucky in the past year has shown the like; union organizers in Harlan county were beaten by "detectives" and there was an attempt to dynamite others.

The United States Steel Corporation, besides its manufacturing plants in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota and Alabama, owns metal and coal mines and coking properties in Alabama. It owns** in Harlan and Letcher counties, Kentucky, 76,017 acres of coking coal lands and 32,043 acres of surface coal. In Mingo and Logan counties, West Virginia, it owns 53,736 acres of coking coal, 32,662 acres of surface coal. It leases 50,000 acres in McDowell county which are operated through the United States Coal & Coke Co., the largest employer of miners in McDowell county. The Steel Corporation is the largest coal producer in West Virginia.

The labor policy of the Steel Corporation was defined by its executive committee in 1901; "we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor." For years Mr. Gary has stuck to it, that "we do not deal with labor unions."† The policy has cut a rut in the nomenclature of industrial relations: it is Garyism.

The dust raised by the marching miners in West

*The Steel Strike of 1919. Interchurch World Movemene Report.

**U. S. Steel Corporation Annual Report. 1920.

†The statement is only slightly inaccurate. The Corporation's coal mines in Indiana, where the miners' organization has long been complete, are peacefully operated under contract signed with the United Mine Workers.

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Virginia evoked various smoke screens. Newspapers represented the trouble as peculiarly West Virginian, the odd habits of mountaineers. The New York Times printed columns putting the blame on "corn likker and young blood." Governor Morgan in Charleston diagnosed the state's troubles as three, "moonshining, pistol-toting and automobiles." All this deceives few. We know what ails us—this year along the Spruce Fork Ridge in Logan county, last year in Alabama, the year before in the steel towns of Pennsylvania and in Gary, Indiana; next year will it be Kentucky or Pennsylvania again? As a Senate investigating committee plods through the settling dust are we to have a little more light on real causes and actual effects or are we to have federal recommendations that rifles be taken away from miners and red, white and blue flags stuck in their hands?

It is the miners who forced the investigation. Last February the Senate considered a resolution for a thorough investigation but something blocked it. Last June the miners' resolution went through despite the attacks of Senators known as trust spokesmen. The investigating committee worked three days in Washington and another fight followed over whether they should go to Mingo county. Then the miners marched.

The Senators have two phases to go into, one West Virginian, the other national. In both a single problem sticks out, the mine guard system. What are the actual facts of this system? It was unquestionably the cause of the miners' march and that was unquestionably a rising, an insurrection of plain people in central West Virginia, to the number of 10,000, openly fed, furnished, aided and abetted by perhaps two or three times as many more. They flew to arm not for themselves but in behalf of Mingo, Logan and McDowell folk on whom they had never laid eyes.

Persons from Mingo went to Charleston to address a mass meeting arranged for August 27th. Governor Morgan was invited "to listen to fellow citizens who say they know the causes of disturbance." The answer of the authorities was to forbid the meeting. While thousands were being turned back from the public park at the meeting hour an observer asked four of the suppressed speakers what they had meant to say.

One was Frank Ingham, colored, educated, a Mingo miner noted for his strength as a coal hewer. "I took my wife to McDowell county [the Gibraltar of the Baldwin-Felts guards] to visit her sister and coming back later I had to change cars at Welch. I was arrested and put in jail. The Sheriff would not tell me on what charge, nor let me see anyone, nor send any message. At midnight the Sheriff sent for me to his office and ordered me to go with seven men there who, he said, wanted me to make a statement down the road a piece. I said I preferred to make any statements in the jail and for answer they hit me with a club, and piled me into an auto and drove out of town. In the woods they started beating me to death. When they hit the top of my head with those clubs I could feel my shoulder blades going apart. They beat me a long time on the ground. They drew away talking about how I seemed to be finished. Then one came back and kicked me in the face but I managed to keep silent. He took my purse with $25.07.

"Our union officers took me to the governor and he promised to investigate and then wrote me that he had no power to go behind the county officials. The Sheriff denies publicly that I was ever in his jail.

"We have since seen a letter to a McDowell man named Luster saying that 'Ingham was in McDowell County' and to 'put him through.' I survived only because I submitted my case to God in prayer or the clubs would have killed me."

Another was John Collins, white, with a family of seven children.

"I was a miner for years in McDowell county. We quietly formed a local union last summer. Five days later thirty-two men with rifles got off the train and came up to me. Their leader asked if I wasn't the secretary of the local. When I said no, I was the president, he raised his rifle at me but the others stopped him. Then they said 'You g—d d—— —— ——, get out of this county by tonight.' Then one of them struck me. I left my home and family and cattle that night. I've been back in McDowell county,—summoned to court at Welch with Sid Hatfield. Sid was shot down before me and the gunmen hunted the town for me but I got away."

Two others were Mrs. Sid Hatfield and Mrs. Ed Chambers. They went along from Mingo county on August 1st when their husbands were summoned to court in Welch, McDowell county. The charge alleged that the two men had had something to do with shootings in Mohawk in 1920. Hatfield, twenty-six years old, and Chambe w twenty, were union men. o

"We thought it was a trap to get them into McDowell county," said Mrs. Chambers, and their lawyers had asked the governor for a safe conduct before starting. "At Yolyn, Everett Lively got on the train." C. E. Lively is the Baldwin-Felts detective who has acted as a spy inside the union in Colorado and West Virginia; he served a year in a Colorado prison for killing a striker.

"My husband had left his guns at home and Sid left his in the hotel. Mr. Van Fleet [their lawyer] told us there was to be a change of venue and we must all come into court together. We were walk-

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ing up the court house steps and Sid turned a little to wave at Mr. Collins. Just then he was shot in the back.

"I saw him falling. I looked at my husband and he was falling loose from my arm. Lively and a man with heavy-rimmed glasses were shooting. I was begging, 'Oh please Mr. Lively don't shoot Ed any more.' He was already dead then. With me begging like that he just walked down to where Ed was lying with his right cheek on the stone landing and put his gun behind his left ear and fired twice. Then I whacked him over the head with my umbrella and he called me a dirty devil.

"Then they kept me inside the court house until the blood was washed off the steps. Nobody tried to make any arrests but I saw the man with glasses and hollered that I wouldn't leave until he was arrested."

Mrs. Hatfield's story was similar. "They treated us awful dirty. I tried to get Sid to take his guns when we left the hotel but he said 'No, that wouldn't look very nice.' "

But gunmen to guard Garyism constitute a problem not peculiarly West Virginian; it is national. The same Senators of the Committee on Labor and Education who are investigating West Virginia have been urged for a year past, by public bodies and private individuals, to initiate legislation to "regulate" or abolish the so-called labor detective agencies. "America is the only country which tolerates large-scale, well-financed privately-owned corporations furnishing labor spies and armed strike breakers"; investigation after investigation has furnished to the Senators the details of how some spies work into union offices and others with arms break the laws or cloak their operations under corruptly administered law. Various cities and states recently have considered or have passed laws against such detectives but the federal government has not stirred.

After the Senators have heard West Virginia witnesses on the workings of the detective system and Kentucky witnesses and Alabama witnesses—ill they summon Mr. Gary? Will Mr. Atterbury f the Pennsylvania Railroad also go to testify at Williamson, West Virginia? The Pennsylvania, through stock ownership and interlocking directorates, controls the Norfolk & Western, which is almost the only railroad into the non-union counties and which owns the company which leases 295,000 acres of Pocahontas coal lands. In recent months General Atterbury has been "spelling" Marshal Gary in the drive against unions.

Both gentlemen are but imperfectly on record as approving the use of labor detectives. Mr. Atterbury has said: "We have our own employees who may volunteer information and we employ the Pinkerton Service. They are men already in the labor organization." Mr. Gary has termed "splendid" and has widely circulated an apology for his policies which reads: "Does anyone doubt the wisdom, justice and necessity of a spy system on the part of the United States Steel Corporation?"

But both witnesses may be anxious to make their position clear in regard to West Virginia. Do they approve the mine guard system on the coal lands which their companies control? Baldwin-Felts men draw high pay and the armament of the system, including machine guns, aeroplanes and lawyers, is expensive; do the witnesses from the east help support the system? Do faithful and zealous non-union independent operators in Logan have assurances of steadier markets with certain great railroads and steel plants than do other operators?

If the leaders of Garyism make it plain that they sanction the system in West Virginia and if Congress clearly declines to burden our great unrestricted labor detective industry with federal "regulation," the effect on the mountaineer-miners ought to be quieting. The entire government of the nation will have spoken. The miners, their minds at peace, will beat their guns into coal-picks and sink underground and the feet of the detectives' machine-guns will be beautiful upon the mountains.

The K. K. K.

THANKS to the New York World, we have now in full view one of the most grotesque and at the same time one of the most horribly revealing exposures of a debauched and exploited public mind. If some enemy of America, some infuriated German, had invented the World's story of the Ku Klux Klan, people would have thrown it away contemptuous and bored. Those oaths? Those rituals? Those insignia and declarations and regalia? No satirist could have got people to believe them. But they are true, and the outrages that have sprung from them are real. It is fantastic, but it is the outcome of a long preparation to which America has been subjected by creatures who have been permitted to usurp the name of America.

It is, in its way, an extravaganza in which much of the United States is broadly caricatured. For many years the fraternal societies of this country have been in the hands of men who thought they had imagination. The best they could do, however, was to call themselves or one another by such paltry titles as Supreme Chancellor, Great Record Keeper, Supreme Ranger, Grand Exalted Ruler or Imperial Potentate. At a bound "Colonel"

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Simmons of Atlanta has surpassed every one of his timid forerunners. As the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan he has gone into the business of invisible empire with a terminology that no modern Kingdom can emulate. What is a Knight Commander of the Bath or a Knight of the Garter compared to a Grand Goblin or an Exalted Cyclops? What is a Goldstick-in-Waiting alongside a Klaliff or a Klarogo or a Klexter? What are recruiting sergeants compared to Kleagles? This man Simmons has not hesitated to lavish honorific titles: he has laid them on thick and in a short period he has, he boasts, enrolled 650,000 native-born white American citizens, Protestant gentiles, from whom he himself and the Kleagles have collected $6,500,000 in dues, not to mention the profits on "literature" and on the fool's caps and the white sheets in which the Knights wrap themselves. (The regalia costs $1.25 to make and sells for $6.50.) In every state in the union except three, in the north and west rather than the south, Emperor Simmons has found his ripe fruit waiting merely to be plucked. He and his Kleagles have been extremely busy picking plums.

As the New York World outlines the story of the Ku Klux Klan in the course of its admirable exposure, much credit, it seems, must be given to Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Kleagle, a professional publicity man and "drive" promoter. Here, again, we have the note of savage caricature. It has long been supposed, and it was pretty well demonstrated through the war, that almost anything can be "sold" to some section of the public if the right "technique" is employed. Mr. Clarke has gone beyond most drive promoters in being able to sell religious bigotry and race hatred at the cost of $10 per bonehead. By flattering the native-born Protestant gentile white American, by depicting the United States as secretly endangered by Jews, Roman Catholics, Negroes and foreign-born American citizens, a fair proportion of simple jungle-minded folk, all over the country, have been induced to take oaths of red-blooded Americanism. The Kleagles, or salesmen, become solemnly "naturalized" in Mr. Simmons's invisible empire. They pledge him loyalty of a kind that no President gets even from postmasters, and they go through "a blasphemous and sacrilegious mockery of the holy rite of baptism"—all with a view to their going out for recruits on the basis of a forty per cent commission.

What prepared the United States for this eruption of primitive superstition? Mr. Lusk and Mr. Stevenson and their secret paid spies and secret volunteer agents are in part entitled to the credit. This is plainly an outcropping in final idiocy of the many tyrannical manifestations with which this country has been afflicted since Woodrow Wilson as President yielded completely to illiberalism and gave Burleson and Palmer carte blanche. It is not so many months since the National Security League paved the way for the Ku Klux Klan. In the activities of that and similar organizations, in the intolerances of the American Legion, in the attacks on civil liberty that culminated in such events as the Albany expulsions, the more jungle-minded Americans have naturally been led to believe that 100-per cent Americanism really calls for an "invisible empire" on the lines of imperial wizardry. It is, apparently, as a tribute to the banal Loyal Coalition of Boston that the Ku Klux Klan declares itself anti-Sinn Fein. All the balderdash in which native-born Americans have indulged in recent years seems to have coagulated in this cesspool of the Ku Klux Klan, to be ladled out by its Kludds, its Klokards and its Kleagles, as a poison which the feeble-minded cannot distinguish from anything but normal "loyalty."

Feeble-minded it is, rather than evil-minded; but it is impossible for so much feebleness to become organized without becoming a danger to the people outside the Invisible Empire. Among primitive intelligences everywhere, whether in New Jersey or in the Melanesian Islands, secret societies are likely to be alluring. But where the anthropologist can watch with quiet interest the antics of a Banks Islander who disguises himself in a mask or an animalhead, the apparition of the Ku Klux Klan calls for something besides the anthropologist's note-book. In every American community people ought to know the terrorizers. These born terrorizers do not need to be terrorized in turn. But they do need to be insulated by those who have no religious bigotry, no race hatred, no superstition and no fear.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
PHILIP LITTELL

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Gunmen in West Virginia

AND after the body of federal troops now in West Virginia is withdrawn, what then? It is not the first time, nor the second time, that federal troops have been sent into the state since the mine war started in Mingo county. It is the third time—in one year. The second time, the federal intervention was more impressive than the first; and now, the third time, it is more impressive than the second. What is to follow this intervention?

When "order" is restored by the troops' presence, they will be withdrawn, of course, as after the first and second interventions. Will it be necessary a few months later to send the troops in for the fourth time? And a few months after that, for the fifth time? It is too likely that the answer will be "yes," unless the operators in the non-union field change their attitude, and unless the government of the state of West Virginia changes its policies.

The reason for saying that the answer probably will be "yes" is that the conditions in the non-union field are such as have always caused men to resort to force, and the federal troops have not in the past, and will not this time—they cannot—change those conditions. The "order" they restore is suppression of violence, not normal, healthy, sanely adjusted relations. They put the lid on and sit on it; they do not touch the stewing mess inside the pot, and when they are moved from the lid, it is flung off again, and one of the worst stenches of American life in this day fouls the air.

If there were nothing involved in the struggle but the question of unionization, it still might be settled more or less amicably with the operators victorious. It is doubtful that such a settlement would be enduring, for in general the coal operators of West Virginia are not of the breed of men to whom can be safely entrusted the power that inheres when wealth, class conscious and easily organized into a unit, stands opposite thousands of ignorant and unorganized laborers. They have proved in the past that they are not of the breed wisely to hold such power, as will be seen. But it is conceivable that if only unionization were involved, the operators might have their way, since, I believe, they have paid substantially as good wages as are paid in the union fields, and have afforded on the whole as good housing conditions; and they might remedy some of the objectionable features of the working conditions, and of their relations with their men.

But it is bootless to view the struggle now as turning principally upon the question of unionization. Unionization ceased to be the controlling issue soon after the fight started, and it has become less and less the controlling issue as time has passed. The operators' use of gunmen has created, or rather it has intensified, an issue that has burned deeper into the hearts of the miners than any question of unionization could ever do. In every period of this fight, the presence of Baldwin-Felts detectives has led to an occurrence which poured oil upon the fire of hatred in the miners' breasts. This is not to say that the miners are without guilt. On the contrary, it is a fact that the total number of acts of violence on their side is greater than the total on the operators' side. But it is also a fact that the operators started the fire, and either they or the gunmen have since never failed to throw oil upon it at the moment when the most harm could be done.

Eighteen months ago the effort to unionize the mines of Mingo county was under way. Promptly, the operators began to discharge the men discovered joining the unions. They followed the discharges by using the blacklist when it suited them to do so, and by evicting miners from company houses. As though that policy were not enough in inflaming the passions of the men, one of the coal companies, in May, 1920, did an atrocious thing that became the spark that started the conflagration. Some of the miners refused to get out of the company's houses, basing their action on leases that had not run out. Thereupon, the company sent Baldwin-Felts detectives, gunmen as they are known in the mining region, who threw the miners and their families and their possessions out. There were twelve or fourteen in the party of detectives, only one of whom had any semblance of legal authority in the county. He was one of the Felts brothers, and had one of those deputy sheriff commissions so easily procured by operators' agents in the non-union fields. The detectives were not law officers; they were merely men with rifles and revolvers who got off a train, did their ugly work, and prepared to get on another train.

The justification for this action, as I have heard it from the operators' representatives, is this: The leases the miners held, setting forth that they should have possession of the houses for stated periods, were not leases in the usual sense. That was so, it seems, because the courts of West Virginia had held that the relation between the oper-

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ator owning a house and the miner occupying it was not that of landlord and tenant, but that of master and servant. Hence, if the master wants the house, the servant must get out, whether or not he has a paper saying that he shall have it for a period not yet expired; and if the servant insists that the paper he holds entitles him to remain, and declares his intention of remaining, then the master may send his agents (Baldwin-Felts detectives, gunmen) and throw the servant, and his wife and children, and his poor furniture, out of the house. It is that way of thinking and that way of acting that accounts for the statement made above, that the coal operators in the non-union fields of West Virginia are not of the breed of men to whom may be entrusted the power that organized wealth has when it stands opposite thousands of ignorant and unorganized laborers.

The consequence of the operators proceeding brutally upon this ruthless bit of legalism was what might have been expected. Seven of the Baldwin-Felts men, including two of the Felts brothers, died before they left the little mining town of Matewan, where they had made the evictions. Three others died at the same time, making ten persons killed in one of the most terrible street fights in the history of industrial strife. Responsibility for the first shot is laid by each side on the other. Out of an avalanche of conflicting evidence, I reached the conclusion that the miners' side fired first. One of several reasons for this conclusion is that it was natural that they should shoot. I take it that no man could see his own family or his neighbor's subjected to such treatment as the miners had that day from the Baldwin-Felts men at Matewan, without feeling hot resentment. Put that resentment into the hearts of ignorant, primitive mountaineers, and calculate the result. If the result had not appeared at Matewan, it would have appeared elsewhere. The operators' methods at Matewan bred violence, as such methods always have.

Attention should be given here to the conflict between unchallenged facts in the Matewan tragedy and statements frequently made by the Mingo operators. Only a few days ago, Mr. Harry Olmsted, chairman of the labor committee of the Williamson Operators' Association, that is, the Mingo owners, said in a reply to Mr. Gompers that gunmen were not used in Mingo. Yet seven of them were killed at Matewan, in Mingo county, while carrying out orders of a coal company to put miners out of their homes. During the trial of Sid Hatfield and some twenty others in Williamson for the killing of the Baldwin-Felts men at Matewan, I sat with half a dozen other reporters in the offices of the Operators' Association, and heard officers of the association assure the reporters that gunmen had never been used in the county—during the trial of Hatfield for killing seven gunmen, mind you! And during that trial I heard counsel for the defence ask one of the Baldwin-Felts men who escaped in the Matewan fight, if another party of the detectives had not thrown miners out of their homes in a nearby mining town, and then I saw counsel for the prosecution fight strenuously and successfully to have the court rule that the witness should not answer.

Hatfield and the other defendants were acquitted five or six months ago. He came out of the trial a hero to the miners, but anathema to the operators and the gunmen. The question on every tongue was whether, now that Hatfield had escaped the gallows in a trial in which the county prosecutors were aided by half a dozen able and relentless lawyers, paid by somebody, the Baldwin-Felts men would take it upon themselves to do what the jury had refused to do. Hatfield himself was quoted as having said that his life was not worth two cents. He was under charges in McDowell county, one of the non-union counties where the Baldwin-Felts men enjoy broad privileges. When he was in Washington to testify before the Senate investigating committee, he said, as I have been told by one whom I have found to be the most reliable man connected with either side of the Mingo troubles, that he did not want to go to McDowell county to answer the charge, because he thought he would be killed. His expectation, it seems, was that he would be killed, and the excuse given that he was trying to escape.

Now, the most important thing possible at that time—about mid-summer—was that Hatfield should not die at the hands of Baldwin-Felts men, and that any punishment to be visited upon him should be at the hands of the law, applied with unquestionable fairness. The operators had blundered dreadfully when they sent the Baldwin-Felts men to throw the miners out of their homes, thus unloosing all the fury that had accumulated during many years against the gunmen. Waves of violence had risen and fallen throughout a whole year. There was no hope whatever of permanent subsidence, if at the end of that year the Baldwin-Felts men inflamed the miners as they had at the beginning of the year. The choice for the operators was between forbearance, avoiding even the appearance of terrorism, or driving the miners into unreckoning rage again.

Now see how the presence of Baldwin-Felts men led to the evil alternative. Hatfield went to McDowell county. Hatfield was killed in the

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courthouse there. Hatfield was killed by Baldwin-Felts men. The dispatches out of Welch, the county seat, said Hatfield was shot by Lively, an under-cover man of the Baldwin-Felts agency in Matewan, and that Pence, a deputy sheriff, also was held. Pence is one of those privately paid deputy sheriffs of whom so much has been heard in late news from West Virginia. He is one of well known Baldwin-Felts men—one of the gunmen of whom exciting stories are told. It is not for me to say that the defence offered by Lively and Pence is not true. It is not for me to say that Hatfield, alone in a stronghold of the Baldwin-Felts men, save Ed Chambers, also killed, did not start the fight. But I venture to say there is not a miner in West Virginia, union or non-union, who believes that Hatfield had a chance for his white alley.

It was only a few weeks after Hatfield's death that the miners from the unionized fields of Kanawha started to assemble for the march into non-union Logan and Mingo counties. Some of them idle, with too much moonshine liquor perhaps, the killing of Hatfield changed them from brooding to fierce action. It lashed into fury the hatred of the gunmen of the non-union fields, and they were off and on the march. Now, see again how the presence of gunmen threw oil on the fire. The President sent General Bandholtz to West Virginia with instructions to tell the men they must disperse. They obeyed. But with the falling of night, gunmen on the operators' side proceeded to shoot up the town of Sharples, and, of course, the miners returned to the attack, their movement took on larger proportions, civil war became an actuality, and the federal troops went in for the third time.

At every stage the gunmen have wrought evil. They were present and available to the operators in the first hours of the Mingo contest, and their work caused the tragedy of Matewan. They were present in McDowell county, and Hatfield died, in the hour when, his first trial ended and the Senate committee investigating, order and forbearance were vital to the restoration of permanent peace. They were in non-union Logan, and the village of Sharples was riddled, when General Bandholtz had turned back the Kanawha miners. Always, the gunmen have been at the danger spot to fan and fan again the fire of hatred. To the individual acts of oppression through the years, told on every street corner and every cross-roads in the non-union district, they have added since the Mingo strike started, deeds that have infuriated whole communities.

Of course, the miners have killed. Was there ever a time when brutality did not beget brutality? Was there ever a time when long continued oppression, and ruthless exercise of might, did not beget violence?

And so long as the operators in the non-union field of West Virginia persist in using gunmen, so long will there be outbreaks of violence, and, probably, so long will there be calls for federal troops to restore "order." Think as bitterly as you will about the miners' deeds, but make up your mind that those deeds will not cease while the gunmen system lasts. And the longer the operators permit it to last, the deeper will be planted violence-breeding hate. Remember what was said in the beginning. The second intervention of federal troops was more impressive than the first; the third is more impressive than the second—2,100 men instead of 500; aerial squadrons; talk of tear gas.

And the government of West Virginia (historically an operators' government)—so long as it talks against, but does not act against, the operators' gunmen, so long will it do its shameful part in creating situations in which it must abjectly plead for federal aid to maintain "order."

JOHN W. OWENS.

"Plus De Jazz"

ON the first night of the Russian ballet in Paris, somewhere about the middle of May, perhaps the best painter in France, one of the best musicians, and an obscure journalist were sitting in a small bistrot on the Boulevard St. Germain. They should all have been at the spectacle; all had promised to go; and yet they sat on over their alcools and bocks and instead of going to the ballet began to abuse it. And from the ballet they passed to modern music in general, and from music to literature: till, gradually, into the conversation came, above the familiar note of easy denigration, a note of energy, of conviction, of aspiration, which so greatly astonished one at least of the three that, just before two o'clock—the hour at which the patron puts even his most faithful clients out of doors—he exclaimed with an emphasis in him uncommon "Plus de Jazz!"

It was the least important of the three who said it, and, had it been the most, I am not suggesting that, like the walls of Jericho, a movement would have tottered at an ejaculation. Jazz will not die because a few clever people have discovered that they are getting sick of it; Jazz is dying, and the conversation to which I have referred is of importance only as an early recognition of the fact. For the rest, it was unjust, as such conversations will be; the Jazz movement, short and slightly irritating though it was, having served its turn and

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added its quota to the tradition. But Jazz is dead, or dying at any rate, and the moment has come for someone who likes to fancy himself wider awake than his fellows to write its obituary notice. In doing so he may, adventitiously, throw light on something more interesting than the past; for, since always movements are conditioned to some extent by their predecessors, against which, in some sort, they must ever be reactions, he may adumbrate the outline of that which is to come.

The Jazz movement is a ripple on a wave; the wave—the large movement which began at the end of the nineteenth century in a reaction against realism and scientific paganism—still goes forward. This wave is essentially the movement which one tends to associate, not very accurately perhaps, with the name of Cézanne: it has nothing to do with Jazz: its most characteristic manifestation is modern painting which, be it noted, Jazz has left almost untouched. The great modern painters—Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard, Friesz, Braque, etc.—were firmly settled on their own lines of development before ever Jazz was heard of. Only the riff-raff has been affected. Italian futurism is the nearest approach to a pictorial expression of the Jazz spirit.

The movement bounced into the world somewhere about the year 1911. It was headed by a band and troupe of niggers, dancing. Appropriately it took its name from music—the art that is always behind the times. Gavroche was killed on the barricades, and it is with his name that it should have been associated. Impudence is its essence—impudence in quite natural and legitimate revolt against Nobility and Beauty: impudence which finds its technical equivalent in syncopation: impudence which rags. "The Rag-time movement" would have been the better style, but the word "Jazz" has passed into at least two languages and now we must make the best of it. After impudence comes the determination to surprise: you shall not be gradually moved to the depths, you shall be given such a start as makes you jigger all over. And from this determination issues the grateful corollary—thou shalt not be tedious. The best Jazz artists are never long-winded. In their admirable and urbane brevity they remind one rather of the French eighteenth century. But surprise is an essential ingredient. An accomplished Jazz artist, whether in notes or words, will contrive as a rule to stop just where you expected him to begin. Themes and ideas are not to be developed; to say all that one has to say smells of the school, and may be a bore, and—between you and me—a "give-away" to boot. Lastly, it must be admitted, there is a typically modern craving for small profits and quick returns. Jazz art is soon created, soon liked, and soon forgotten. It is the movement of masters of eighteen; and these masterpieces created by boys barely escaped from college can be appreciated by the youngest Argentine beauty at the Ritz. Jazz is very young: like short skirts, it suits thin, girlish legs, but has a slightly humiliating effect on gray hairs. Its fears and dislikes—for instance its horror of the Noble and the Beautiful—are childish; and so is its way of expressing them. Not by irony and sarcasm, but by jeers and grimaces does Jazz mark its antipathies. Irony and wit are for the grown-ups. Jazz dislikes them as much as it dislikes Nobility and Beauty. They are products of the cultivated intellect, and Jazz cannot away with intellect or culture. Niggers can be admired artists without any gift more singular than high spirits: so why drag in the intellect? Besides, to bring intellect into art is to invite home a guest who is apt to be inquisitive and even impartial. Intellect in Jazz circles is treated rather as money was once in polite society—it is taken for granted. Nobility, Beauty and intellectual subtlety are alike ruled out: the two first are held up to ridicule, the last is simply abused. What Jazz wants are romps and fun and to make fun; that is why, as I have said, its original name Rag-time was the better. At its best, Jazz rags everything.

The inspiration of Jazz is the same as that of the art of the grand siècle. Everyone knows how in the age of Louis XIV artists found in la bonne compagnie their standards, their critics and many of their ideas. It was by studying and writing for this world that Racine, Molière and Boileau gave an easier and less professional gait to French literature, which—we should not forget—during its most glorious period, was conditioned and severely limited by the tastes and prejudices of polite society. Whether the inventors of Jazz thought that, in their pursuit of beauty and intensity, the artists of the nineteenth century had strayed too far from the tastes and interests of common but well-to-do humanity, I know not; but certain it is that, like Racine and Molière, and unlike Beaudelaire and Mallarmé and César Franck, they went to la bonne compagnie for inspiration and support. La bonne compagnie they found in the lounges of great hotels, on transatlantic liners, in wagon-lits, in music-halls, and in expensive motor-cars and restaurants. La bonne compagnie was dancing tangos to rag-time music. This, they said, is the thing. The artists of the nineteenth century had found la bonne compagnie—the rich that is to say—dancing waltzes to sentimental "Olgas" and "Blue Danubes" but they had drawn quite other

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conclusions. Yet waltzes and waltz-tunes are just as good as, and no better than, fox-trots and rag-time. Both have their merits; but it is a mistake perhaps for artists to take either seriously.

Be that as it may, the serious artists of the nineteenth century never dreamed of supposing that the pleasures of the rich were the proper stuff of art; so it was only natural that the twentieth should go to the hotel-lounges for inspiration. And of course it was delightful for those who sat drinking their cocktails and listening to nigger-bands to be told that, besides being the jolliest people on earth, they were the most sensitive and critically gifted. They, along with the children and savages whom in so many ways they resembled, were the possessors of natural, uncorrupted taste. They first had appreciated rag-time and surrendered themselves to the compelling qualities of jazz. Their instinct might be trusted: so, no more classical concerts and music lessons; no more getting Lycidas by heart; no more Baedeker; no more cricking one's neck in the Sistine Chapel: unless the colored gentleman who leads the band at the Savoy has a natural leaning towards these things, you may depend upon it they are noble, pompous and fraudulent. And it was delightful, too, for people without a vestige of talent,—and even then these were in the majority —people who could just strum a tune or string a few lines of doggerel, to be told that all that distinguishes what used to be called "serious art" from their productions was of no consequence whatever, and that, on the contrary, it was these, if any, that ought to be taken seriously. The output of verse which was manifestly much too easy to write and much too difficult to read went up suddenly, by leaps and bounds. What is more, some of it got printed; publishers and even editors bowed the knee. Naturally the movement was a success at the Ritz and in Grubb Street, Mayfair. On the other hand, because to people who reflected for an instant it seemed highly improbable that fox-trotters and shimmy-shakers were sensitive or interesting people, that Christie Minstrels were great musicians, or that pub-crawlers and demi-mondaines were poets, there sprang simultaneously into existence a respectable, intelligent and ill-tempered opposition which did, and continues to do, gross injustice to the genuine artists who have drawn inspiration, or sustenance at any rate, from Jazz.

Though on painting its effect has been negligible, Jazz, during the last ten years, has dominated music and colored literature. It is easy to say that the genius of Stravinsky—a musician, unless I mistake, of the first order and in the great line—rises superior to movements. To be sure it does: so does the genius of Molière. But just as the genius of Molière found its appropriate food in one kind of civilization so does the genius of Stravinsky in another; and with that civilization his art must inevitably be associated. Technically, too, he has been influenced much by nigger rhythms and nigger methods. He has composed rag-times. So, if it is inexact to say that Stravinsky writes Jazz, it is true to say that his genius has been nourished by it. Also, he sounds a note of defiance, and sometimes, I think, does evince a will to insult. That he surprises and startles is clear; what is more, I believe he means to do it: but tricks of self-advertisement are, of course, beneath so genuine an artist. Far from seeking small profits and quick returns, he casts his bread upon the waters with a finely reckless gesture. In fact, Stravinsky is too big to be covered by a label; but I think the Jazz movement has as much right to claim him for its own as any movement has to claim any first-rate artist.

Similarly, it may claim Mr. T. S. Eliot—a poet of uncommon merit and unmistakably in the great line—whose agonizing labors seem to have been eased somewhat by the comfortable ministrations of a black and grinning muse. Midwifery, to be sure, seems an odd occupation for a lady whom one pictures rather in the rôle of a flapper: but a midwife was what the poet needed and in that capacity she has served him. Apparently it is only by adopting a demurely irreverent attitude, by being primly insolent, and by playing the devil with the instrument of Shakespeare and Milton, that Mr. Eliot is able occasionally to deliver himself of one of those complicated and remarkable imaginings of his: apparently it is only in language, of an exquisite purity so far as material goes, but twisted and ragged out of easy recognition that these nurslings can be swathed. As for surprise, that, presumably, is an emotion which the author of Ara Vos Prec is not unwilling to provoke. Be that as it may, Mr. Eliot is about the best of our living poets, and, like Stravinsky, he is as much a product of the Jazz movement as so good an artist can be of any.

In literature Jazz manifests itself both formally and in content. Formally its distinctive characteristic is the familiar one—syncopation. It has given us a ragtime literature which flouts traditional rhythms and sequences and grammar and logic. In verse its products—rhythms which are often indistinguishable from prose rhythms, and collocations of words to which sometimes is assignable no exact intellectual significance—are by now familiar to all who read. Eliot is too personal to be typical of anything, and the student who would get a fair idea of Jazz poetry would do better to spend half an hour with a volume of Cocteau or Cendrars. In prose I think Mr. Joyce

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will serve as a perhaps not very good example: I choose him because he is probably better known to readers than any other writer who affects similar methods. In his later publications Mr. Joyce does deliberately go to work to break up the traditional sentence, throwing overboard sequence, syntax, and, indeed, most of those conventions which men habitually employ for the exchange of precise ideas. Effectually and with a will he rags the literary instrument: unluckily, this will has at its service talents which are only moderate.

Contempt for accepted ideas of what prose and verse should be and what they should be about, nervous dislike of traditional valuations, of scholarship, culture and intellectualism, above all an emphatic protest against the notion that one idea or emotion can be more important or significant than another, are, I take it, amongst the leading tenets of this school, whose grand object it is to present, as surprisingly as possible, the chaos of any mind at any given moment. Like most theories of art it sounds stupid enough. What matters, however, are not theories but works: so what of the works of Jazz? If Stravinsky is to be claimed for the movement, it has its master: it has also its petits maîtres—Eliot, Cendrars, Picabia and Joyce for instance, and les six. Oddly enough, les six consists of four musicians,—Darius Milhaud, Georges Auric, Poulenc and Germaine Taillefer—chaperoned by the brilliant Jean Cocteau. All five have their places in contemporary civilization: and such talents are not to be disposed of simply by the present of a bad name. It is not enough to call an artist "extremist" or "reactionary," "cubist" or "impressionist," and condemn or approve him as such. These classifications are merely journalistic or, if you will, archaeological conveniences. It is the critic's business to inquire not so much whether an artist is "advanced" or "cubist" or "jazz" as whether he is good, bad, or "interesting"; and that is what most critics fail to do. One's general opinion of a movement or school ought not to affect one's opinion of any particular work. One may, for excellent reasons, dislike a movement: one may hold that it hampers or sets on a false scent more artists than it serves; that it induces students of promise to waste time and energy on fruitless problems; that it generally fails to get the best out of its most gifted adherents, while it pumps into a multitude of empty heads so much hot air as to swell them to disquieting proportions. This is pretty much what I think of cubism; but I am not such a fool as to deny that, experimenting in these very problems which seem to me to lead most artists into a rather unprofitable world of abstractions, Picasso and Braque have produced works of the greatest beauty and significance, while those of Fernand Léger, Jean Metsinger and other avowed cubists are of extraordinary merit and deserve the most careful attention. The fact is, perhaps, there never was a movement, save only that called "Art nouveau," which did not contribute something to the world's artistic capital and to the great tradition.

What, I believe, has turned so many intelligent and sensitive people against Jazz is the encouragement it has given to thousands of the stupid and vulgar to fancy that they can understand art and to hundreds of the conceited to imagine that they can create it. All the girls in the "dancings" and sportsmen at the bar who like a fox-trot or a maxixe have been given to believe by people who ought to know better that they are more sensitive to music than those who prefer Beethoven. The fact that Stravinsky wants his music to be enjoyed in the cafés gives pub-loafers fair ground for believing that Stravinsky respects their judgment. Well, the music of Brahms is not enjoyed by pub-loafers; but formerly the concert-goers were allowed to know better. Stravinsky is reported to have said that he would like people to be eating, drinking and talking while his music was being played (how furious he would be if they did anything of the sort), so, when a boxful of bounders begin chattering in the middle of an opera and the cultivated cry "hush!", the inference is that the cultivated are making themselves ridiculous. Again: if rules were made by pedants for pedants must not mere lawlessness be a virtue? And, since savages think little and know less, and since savage art has been extolled by the knowing ones (I take my share of whatever blame may be going) as much as "cultured" has been decried, does it not follow that ignorant and high-spirited lads are likely to write better verses than such erudite old duffers as Milton, Spenser and Gray? Above all, because it has been said that the intellect has nothing to do with art, it is assumed by the mob of ladies and gentlemen who, if they wrote not with ease could not write at all, that there is no such thing as the artistic problem. And it is, I believe, chiefly because all genuine artists are beginning to feel more and more acutely the need of a severe and exacting problem, and because everyone who cares seriously for art feels the need of severe critical standards, that, with a sigh of relief, people are timidly murmuring to each other "Plus de Jazz."

And, indeed, there are autumnal indications; the gay papier-maché pagoda is beginning to lose its colors: visibly it is wilting. A few days after the conversation I have recorded it was rumored in Paris that the admired Prokofieff, composer of

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Chout, had said that he detested rag-time. The consternation into which were thrown some fashionable bars and salons was as painful to behold as must have been that into which were thrown parlors and vicarage gardens when Professor Huxley began pouring cold water on Noah's Ark. We hurried away to the Southern Syncopated Orchestra, only to find it sadly fallen off; and we found ourselves wondering whether it had changed so much as we? Also, more and more, immense musical and literary activity notwithstanding, people began looking to the painters, with their high seriousness, professionalism, conscience, reverence, and vitality, as the sole exponents and saviours of "le grand art."

What the pick of the new generation is beginning to feel is that art, though it need never be solemn, must always be serious; that it is a matter of profound emotion and of intense and passionate thought; and that these things are rarely found in dancing palaces and hotel lounges. Even to understand art a man must make a great intellectual effort. One thing is not as good as another; so artists and amateurs must learn to choose. No easy matter that: discrimination of this sort being something altogether different from telling a Manhattan from a Martini. To select as an artist or discriminate as a critic are needed feeling and intellect and—most distressing of all—study. However, unless I mistake, the effort will be made. The age of easy acceptance of the first thing that comes is closing. Thought rather than spirits is required, quality rather than color, knowledge rather than irreticence, intellect rather than singularity, wit rather than romps, precision rather than surprise, dignity rather than impudence, and lucidity above all things: *plus de Jazz*. Meanwhile, whether the ladies and gentlemen in the restaurants will soon be preferring sentimental waltz-tunes to flippant rag-times is a question on which I cannot pretend to an opinion. Neither does it matter. What these people like or dislike has nothing to do with art. That is the discovery.

CLIVE BELL.

The Alien Property Custodian

THE United States, soon after entering the war, proceeded to adopt legislation similar to that which had already been adopted by the powers with which it had become associated. In pursuance of that policy, Congress, on October 6, 1917, enacted a detailed Trading with the Enemy act which provided, among other matters, for the sequestration of the private property of persons resident in Germany, whether Germans or not, and of Germans resident in the United States who might by Presidential proclamation be declared to be "enemies." An Alien Property Custodian was appointed who was designated (sec. 12) as a "common-law trustee," to manage the property and "if and when necessary" to sell it in order "to prevent waste and protect such property and to the end that interests of the United States in such property and rights, or of such person as may ultimately become entitled thereto, or to the proceeds thereof, may be preserved and safe-guarded."

Apart from the question of its compliance with the Treaties of 1799 and 1828 with Prussia, which gave to resident German merchants nine months after the outbreak of war within which to remove their persons and property, this procedure of sequestration to prevent the use of the property against the United States at war and yet to preserve it for its owners, carried out the time-honored rule of international law that the private property of enemy citizens is not subject to confiscation, and the pronouncement of President Wilson that we would "conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play that we profess to be fighting for." To quiet all fears as to the safety of enemy property and presumably to encourage its surrender to the Custodian, as required by the statute, Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, as Custodian, published an announcement in the Official Bulletin of November 14, 1917 (No. 159), reading:

> The purposes of Congress are to preserve enemy owned property in the United States from loss and to prevent every use of it which may be hostile and detrimental to the United States. . . . The Alien Property Custodian exercises the authority of a common-law trustee; there is no thought of a confiscation or dissipation of property thus held in trust.

As property began to accumulate in the Custodian's hands, the more speedily perhaps because of reliance upon these official assurances, a new trend of thought appears to have developed in the Custodian's mind. Departing from his legal duties as a "trustee," which impose under penalty the most rigorous measures of conservation of the trust property, and impelled doubtless by what may have seemed to him a high sense of patriot-

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ism, he began to advocate the wiping out of German investments in the United States by a sale of this property to American citizens. Drawing upon a somewhat vivid imagination, he was "able to piece together," as he says, "the picture of Germany's industrial aggression during the last forty years," and "there came not only a fuller realization of the hostile nature of Germany's industrial investment in America, but also of the powerful weapon against the foe which lay ready at our hands." Totally misconceiving his functions and without thought of the precedent created, and there being no public opinion to give him pause, he transformed himself with the aid of Congress from a bare trustee to a fighting commander, "capturing" property of the enemy on the analogy of a warship at sea. He said that "the power to seize enemy property" invested in the United States "deprives the enemy of property which would otherwise be within reach of the power of the enemy"—apparently an unjustifiable assumption when the property is sequestrated—"and at the same time furnishes to the capturing power means for carrying on the war." The "trustee" thus underwent an evolution from a passive conservator, as his duties required, to a belligerent dissipator of his trust. The metamorphosis may have been partly induced by his resentment at numerous subterfuges adopted by various German concerns designed to keep their property free from "capture" by the "trustee."

In the process of transformation, he appears to have made several remarkable discoveries. When it is recalled that the total German investment in the United States probably did not exceed five hundred million dollars, distributed throughout all kinds of business activity, or one-sixth of one percent of our national capital wealth of three hundred billions, it is difficult to take seriously Mr. Palmer's "German industrial menace," the "industrial and commercial army built by the enemy on American soil" and "a knife at the throat of America." One wonders how, under similar conditions of stress, he would have characterized the British investment in America of five billions. At all events, under the pressure of war, he persuaded Congress to adopt what he calls "the Americanization idea," by which the provisions of Section 12 for the conservation of property, and its sale only to prevent waste and protect it, were repealed by conferring on the Custodian the powers of an "absolute owner," though, inconsistently, he was still left a "common-law trustee." He proceeded promptly to avail himself of his powers, thereby doing immeasurable harm to the United States and dissipating much of the trust property. "It is safe to say," Mr. Palmer said, "that the business which the Germans built up in America will be forever lost to them. No other course is compatible with the safety of American institutions. No other course will make the American field of industry 'safe for democracy.'" Valuable properties, built up through years of development, were sold, sometimes at public auction, sometimes at private sale by executive order, to American citizens. Prominent Americans were asked to serve as sales committees, and the former Custodian has since used the formal approval of these gentlemen as a shield against the charges directed against him arising out of the low prices obtained. The probability is that the sales committees knew but little of the businesses that were being sold. It hardly induces confidence to find former employees of the Custodian and of the Department of Justice occupying high positions in the concerns thus sold. Not even the armistice, when by international law all hostilities must cease, brought any stay in the wielding of the destructive "weapon" of so-called "Americanization."

But a feature of these forced sacrifice sales to which little attention has been directed is the fact that the United States government has been despoiled by them. When companies like the Bayer Co., or the Bosch Magneto were sold to private citizens for a quarter or a third of their real worth, as has been alleged, the federal government was deprived of an important asset, for purposes of investment in Liberty bonds, for purposes of taxation and as national wealth. Not only the original owners but the federal government were made to suffer unwarranted losses for the sole benefit of private American citizens. The economic justification for such a step will be difficult to find, and the legal and political justification hardly less so.

In the only report published by the Custodian, notwithstanding the statutory provision for annual report, Mr. Palmer makes sensational charges, not proved, against various concerns. Some of these businesses, which could not be or were not sold, he ordered liquidated, often apparently—as in the case of the Transatlantic Trust Company—for no other ascertainable purpose than that of sheer destruction, not only without benefit to anyone—except the Custodian's appointees—but to the distinct disadvantage of the American minority stockholders, whose stock was made practically valueless, and to the community served by the company—not to speak of the unnecessary losses inflicted upon the foreign stockholders. The various concerns which were sequestrated or liquidated had to pay for expensive attorneys appointed and imposed on them by the Custodian, and as

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the newly created directors were responsible merely to an official in Washington who had announced a purpose to make war on this property and use it as a "weapon," it will readily be realized that the conservation of assets may not always have been the foremost thought of the management. Finally, the Custodian obtained authority to take over all enemy-owned patents, and although this intellectual property was protected by international agreement, there seems to be little intention to return it, but on the contrary, in the case of chemical patents, Congress is proposing to penalize the discoverers and owners of the formulas if they introduce their product into the country. It is difficult to reconcile the wilful destruction of property resulting from these various measures with "due process of law."

All this manifest disregard of the proper functions of a trustee is made the more serious by the consequences it has had and is likely to have in the future. The Treaty of Versailles, which provides for the confiscation of private enemy property, was in this respect, it has been stated on good authority, strongly influenced by the agitation conducted in America. The Custodian, emphasizing the pernicious effect of the German investment in the United States, had in public addresses advocated the retention of the German private property here and the surrender of the American property in Germany, asserting in a somewhat hypocritical vein that we would thereby be doing the German owner a favor, because to return it to him would—curiously—"be in effect a confiscation of the property," because his business here "would melt away, its assets would shrink and its former goodwill as a going business would become a distinct liability. The German investor would save little out of the resulting wreck."

It should be added that the Custodian justified his drastic action in disposing of German property on the alleged ground that Germany had done the same thing, but had been "keeping constantly a little ahead of us." His easy assertion—seemingly made without adequate means of information—was accepted at its face value; we should now feel less disquietude had it proved true. Whatever one may say or think of the German government's methods of conducting the war in occupied territory, where many acts of ruthless destruction and spoliation unquestionably occurred, the fact is that in their treatment of American private property in Germany their conduct appears to have been very nearly correct. It is unnecessary to ascribe this to any other motive than policy, for the American investment in Germany was hardly a hundred millions, or one-fifth of the German investment here. Similar considerations induced Mr. Palmer to refrain from seizing Turkish property in the United States. Very little American property appears to have been sold or liquidated in Germany, and then only for what appear to be conservative reasons. The bulk of the property has long since been returned to its American owners, notwithstanding Mr. Palmer's confident prediction that "it is not conceivable that this property will ever be returned to its American owners in kind;" and bank deposits, which might have become subject to the Clearing Office provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, are now apparently being returned on the assumption that the United States will not adhere to those provisions. That Treaty provides that any losses occasioned by exceptional war measures or measures of transfer must be made good by the German government, and the United States will doubtless obtain the benefit of a similar provision in any treaty it may conclude with Germany.

When the Treaty of Versailles empowered the Allied governments to retain the German private property in their hands, one of the most portentous innovations in modern international relations was inaugurated. A principle deemed essential to the stability of international commercial intercourse, which requires the mobility of capital and the security of foreign investments, has been undermined, for the sake of a few paltry millions of German assets. The precedent is likely to be exploited and to plague its modern advocates in the future. The English courts during the war had repeatedly asserted that it was contrary to the law of England to confiscate the private property of enemy subjects, and were accordingly somewhat embarrassed last year when they had to justify the action of their government in actually embarking on confiscation, by finding that the common-law privilege of confiscation had not been abrogated, though fallen into disuse for over a century. This latest decision, as a matter of law and policy, is severely criticized by Mr. F. E. Farrer in two learned articles in the Law Quarterly Review. The new rule raises the question whether the adoption of any obsolete or barbarous belligerent practice, even enslavement of the vanquished or repudiation of the victor's bonds in his hands, could not and may not be hereafter justified under this theory. The labored effort of certain English publicists to distinguish the appropriation of German property from confiscation by pointing to the Treaty provision requiring the German government to issue to its citizens bonds for the assumed value of the property, hardly alters or palliates the radical measure. Not only is it a distinct violation of international law, enforced by the professed defend-

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ers of that system, but it seems economically utterly unwise. A foreign investment now becomes subject to confiscation in case of war, a rule which will make small investors more cautious in buying foreign securities. Large investors will be persuaded to take the risk only by confidence in their strong military preponderance, which is now more necessary than ever to insure the safety of the investment. Private property thus becomes subject to the uncertain contingencies of peace and war, from which it should be completely removed. The effect of these considerations on the limitation of armaments will be readily apparent. Moreover, in maintaining the sanctity of private property against the assaults of the communists, the case of its defenders is much weakened by their own apparent disrespect for that cornerstone of our social system.

The United States has as yet, with mild exceptions, taken no action to dispose of the sequestrated German property and proceeds of sales now in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. In the light of three years' reflection since the armistice, it seems hardly conceivable that the United States will do anything but return the property to its owners. Not only is this duty imposed on us by international law and by all our traditions making a private investment in America as safe in war as in peace, but it is probably required by the Treaty of 1828 with Germany and the assurances extended when the property was taken over. Moreover, retention of the property would be inconsistent with the present national effort to promote American foreign trade and American investments abroad. In what manner the losses inflicted by the wasteful conduct of earlier Custodians shall be made good, Congress must determine. A judicial investigation of the entire administration of the property, both in justice to the owners and to Messrs. Palmer and Garvan and their many appointees and attorneys, is most desirable. On cash deposits, in many cases owned by dependent persons, interest should be paid from the time the money reached the Treasury. Only by repairing so far as possible the damage done by the ill considered measures adopted during the war by administrative officials, can Congress restore the American reputation for fair dealing with private property in time of peace and war, and create an expectation of reciprocal treatment in the future on the part of American investors abroad.

VERITAS.

The Very Best Butter

TO be a Cabot among us is to have come over with the Conqueror. It is only fair. There is even a sort of poetic justice in it. The first of the line was John or Zuan Cabot, an Italian. He didn't have much luck. He was the first of the early tide of immigrants to reach the mainland of North America. He didn't know it. He thought it was an island or, at any rate, the King who sent him did. He struck straight across the western ocean from Bristol with every chance in the world of landing at Boston, which would have been wonderful good fortune for everybody concerned. Instead, by a perverse fate, he touched on the coast of Labrador. This was in the summer of 1497. His voyage created great excitement in England for a time.

"This Venetian of ours who went in search of new islands is returned," wrote an Italian in London to his brother at home; "his name is Zuan Cabot, and they all call him the Great Admiral. Vast honor is paid him, and he dresses in silk. These English run after him like mad people." The account book of Henry VII contains the precise entry: "To hym that found the new isle of 10£." Say, $35.50 at this day's rate of exchange, but, of course, as we are so often told, money went further in those days.

But interest in Cabot and his voyage soon died out. It only goes to show that even in those early, simple days, as the theatrical managers and baseball players have been saying ever since I was a boy, the public is fickle. It doesn't always recognize true merit, or, recognizing it for a moment, doesn't cling to it and perpetually sing its praises. And so it came about that this mainland of ours which Zuan Cabot was the first to touch was named by an obscure German professor in a French college, after an Italian navigator in the service of the King of Portugal. Cabot's name is not connected with or given to any town, river, state or mountain in the New World.

For us and our children there is only that perishable monument, Henry Cabot Lodge, to preserve and keep alive the name. He is the only Cabot we know. There may be others, but we plain people of the hills and valleys do not know them. Our Cabot is Henry Cabot. So far as we are concerned,

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he is the nationally advertised national product and all others are imitations. We ask for the "scholar in politics" and take no substitutes. It cools the blood and is a sovereign antidote in cases of Democracy, curing even the most virulent cases of Wilsonism, in one to five days. Take a little acid for thy humor's sake.

I don't know whether or not Henry Cabot Lodge is a kinsman and descendant of Zuan Cabot. But it really doesn't matter. They are spiritually akin at any rate, have had somewhat the same experience, and Mr. Lodge has kept the Cabot name a bright beacon light in a hurried world given to forgetfulness of the brave names of old. I do not want Cabot Lodge forgotten as Zuan Cabot has been.

I wonder if by any chance Henry Adams has set down about Mr. Lodge the permanent record for posterity. There has been no man of our time more competent to appraise or more deft and adept in reducing to words the terse truth about Mr. Lodge. In his autobiography Mr. Adams has limned a little portrait of the Massachusetts Senator which, I suspect, will stand the test of many years without fading or losing its values:

> Roosevelts are born and never can be taught; but Lodge was a creature of teaching—Boston incarnate—the child of his local parentage; and while his ambition led him to be more, the intent, though virtuous, was— . . . restless. An excellent talker, a voracious reader, a ready wit, an accomplished orator, with a clear mind and a powerful memory, he could never feel perfectly at ease whatever leg he stood on, but shifted, sometimes with painful strain of temper, from one sensitive muscle to another, uncertain whether to pose as an uncompromising Yankee; or a pure American; or a patriot in the still purer atmosphere of Irish, Germans, or Jews; or a scholar and historian of Harvard College— . . . standing first on the social, then on the political foot; now worshipping, now banning; shocked by the wanton display of immorality, but practicing the license of political usage; sometimes bitter, often genial, always intelligent —Lodge has the singular merit of interesting. . . . He betrayed the consciousness that he and his people had a past, if they dared but avow it, and might have a future, if they could but divine it.

If I had any discretion, I would close this paper right here and not attempt to enlarge upon or amplify that rich bit of spirited condensation, but there have been brave men since Agamemnon as well as before. I can, perhaps, point out some of the deft strokes of the Adams portrait and indicate and emphasize some of the larger values. For Mr. Lodge is a very special sort of person. He really is a figure apart in the Senate, and whether the other Senators acknowledge the fact or not they do allow him a place of his own. He is one of the personalities. Strangers in the galleries always ask to have him pointed out. There is an atmosphere about him of tradition, of legend, myth—what you will. He retains the singular merit of interesting.

But when the eager questioners in the gallery ask each in his own way upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, nobody seems to have a precise or definite answer. Yet Mr. Lodge always plays a conspicuous part in the Senate transactions, or in such of them as interest him. His seat is always near the top of the table. He is the nominal and titular "leader" of the Senate, yet he has no followers. He is not a natural leader, but one by virtue of his position in the Senate scheme of organization. To be quite blunt about it, he is too finicky.

I do not think that even his ardent admirers concede him a serene and lofty mind or a wide vision. Nor is he a man of quick and wide sympathies, of a big, open, generous heart. While his intelligence is everywhere conceded, other qualities and attributes are lacking that had he possessed them would have enabled him to become such a figure in the nation as some of his great predecessors.

It is quite true that Mr. Lodge has never made the most of himself; has never taken advantage of his abundant opportunities. He might have been a statesman if the real right stuff had been in him, instead of a partisan, practical politicion. Massachusetts is habituated to statesmen. She has produced them. She knows what they look like. She knows their habits. She is willing to allow them their freedom, their independence; not to tax them with petty, political chores; to grant them ample space and charter for disinterested, constructive public service on the highest plane they could achieve.

It's rather a pity that Mr. Lodge never made anything of, never exploited the franchise for development that his state gave him so many years ago. As Mr. Adams says, he never knew which pose to take, which foot to stand on. He has shifted from one to the other and so it follows that he has never left the ground. He has stayed with the politicians, or to quote again Mr. Adams's admirable and telling phrase, "shocked by the wanton display of immorality, but practicing the license of political usage." That is comprehensive enough to be an epitaph.

Mr. Lodge has been both fortunate and unfortunate in his career. Fortunate in that early in life the legend or myth was built about him of "the scholar in politics." It was so persistently repeated that it has become a sort of trade mark. In the beginning it was apparently a way of saying that Mr. Lodge was a superior person; that he was unlike other politicians. And undoubtedly he was.

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He had great early advantages. He was born among the socially elect of his community. Even before he had a present he had a background.

From his early youth he consorted with what the March Hare has enduringly called the very best butter. He was amply educated not only in school and college but by his environment and associations. His bread and cheese problem had been settled for him before he was born. Public life was open to him on the easiest, pleasantest terms. If he desired and had it in him to be a statesman, to make and leave his mark on the public life and public affairs of his generation, he had only to commence. There was an immense pride in and store of goodwill for him in his own state. The voters there have never checked or interrupted his career. He has been continuously in the state and national legislature since his youth. Given the tools he has never been denied a proper workshop for their use. And always there has been thrown about him this friendly legend of the scholar in politics.

Only the other day I asked a man in Boston to tell me something about Mr. Lodge and his career: I sought another and more intimate viewpoint than my own. This is what he instantly told me: "Lodge's history is a part of the history of his country." There it is again, the tired editorial touch, the worn, rounded formula, the easy judgment, the ready to wear phrase. I suppose Mr. Lodge's history is a part of the history of his country, but so was Dr. Mary Walker's and John L. Sullivan's and the Dalton boys' and Mrs. Jeannette Bloomer's and the man's that struck Billy Patterson and heaps and heaps of others', but that sort of thing gets you nowhere.

I think we have the right to apply higher and more critical standards to Mr. Lodge. His has been no Horatio M. Alger, Jr., career. He has had no vicissitudes to encounter, no obstacles to overcome. He was launched full panoplied on a sea of good fortune, under the happiest prophecies and those prophecies have never been popularly revised. Indeed, by some subtle transmutation they have become popular appraisals, possibly through sheer iteration. In that Mr. Lodge has been fortunate.

But has he been really fortunate? Hasn't he had some of old Zuan Cabot's hard luck? Hasn't he, too, touched the austere coast of Labrador? Does he suspect the great fertile mainland he has so narrowly missed? Will his performance stick; will it prove a permanent, enduring thing, or will it be clouded in the obscurity of the eleventh man, the unfortunate who has played his game with some skill and distinction, but when the final appraisal came to be made just missed getting in the ranking ten? That is something for posterity to decide in the intervals of paying off the Liberty Bonds.

In his autobiographical sketch in the Congressional Directory Mr. Lodge gives his profession as that of literature. I think, too, it is his true avocation. He has an agreeable style, a well stored mind, a distinct viewpoint. And that last, a distinct viewpoint, he has not always had in politics. He has not always known whether to cry with Miranda,

> "How beautiful mankind is! O brave new World!
> That has such people in't:"

or like Emerson's "fine young Oxford gentleman" declare,

> "There's nothing new and nothing true and no matter";

or to declaim with the young Hamlet:

> "The time is out of joint; O! cursed spite
> "That ever I was born to set it right."

Somewhere in Mr. Lodge's own writings is this sentence: "He whose mournful incapacity for the production of new ideas has come sharply home to him, has the added pang of knowing how eagerly he thirsts for these new ideas from others and how much his ability to recognize an old idea has been developed and increased." This may or may not have a wistful autobiographical significance. I don't pretend to know. I came across it and copied it down. It is a good sentence, at any rate.

If Mr. Lodge had devoted himself to literature with a single mind; if he had been content to be a man of letters he would be a clearer, stronger figure against the national horizon than he is today. Or if he had given to politics the disinterestedness, the sweep of interest, the broadness, the soundness of method that he brought to his literary work there would be another story to tell of him. If he only had not "practiced the license of political usage." If he only had not thrown in his lot with the partisan, practical politicians. His political life has brought him nothing real. I take his own telling; his own record as he made it himself for the Congressional Directory.

On the side of letters and history and scholarship he sets it down that he wrote: The Land Law of the Anglo-Saxons; Life and Letters of George Cabot; Short History of the English Colonies in America; Life of Alexander Hamilton; Life of Daniel Webster; edited the works of Alexander Hamilton in nine volumes; Studies in History; Life of Washington, two volumes; History of Boston; Historical and Political Essays; Hero Tales from American History; Certain Accepted

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Heroes and other essays; Story of the Revolution, two volumes; Story of the Spanish War; A Fighting Frigate and other essays; Early Memories; One Hundred Years of Peace; The Democracy of the Constitution; in addition to two collections of speeches and addresses.

Now quite aside from the quality of all this writing the mere quantity is a solid achievement. It has been recognized as such. He has received honorary degrees from Williams, Yale, Harvard, Brown, Clark University, Amherst, Union, Princeton and Dartmouth. He belongs to learned societies that recognize scholarship, culture and intellectual attainment: The Massachusetts Historical Society, The Virginia Historical Society; The Royal Historical Society of London; The American Antiquarian Society; The American Academy of Arts and Letters and others that I will not take the space to recite.

Against this body of sound and solid work and these honors in the field of literature and scholarship, what has Mr. Lodge to set down in the way of honor and distinction that politics has brought him? I quote the recital he himself has made: permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention in 1900 and 1908; chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican National Convention of 1904 and 1916; temporary and permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention of 1920; two terms in the Massachusetts legislature; three terms in the House of Representatives at Washington, and United States Senator since 1893. Mr. Lodge sets down no record of his enduring achievements and constructive, creative work as a national legislator, and neither shall I. I should be at a loss, as presumably he was.

Now it seems to me that this dual record of literature and politics convicts Mr. Lodge of not having made the most of his great opportunities. The amplitude of the provision that was made in youth for him to become a statesman, the freedom from material cares and burdens, the extraordinary and whole-hearted and continuous support given him by his state, the happy fortune of an intelligent and appreciative constituency that preferred statesmen to politicians—all these blessings I venture to submit he has not taken full advantage of. It will not be denied that he is a convinced and narrow partisan, that he has consistently "practiced the license of political usage." His contributions to letters and to learning have been obscured by his record as a politician. That is for him a misfortune. He has not played his hand well; as it might have been played by a man of larger stature, of larger vision. He should have led out his trumps.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

A Night Ashore in Calcutta

I WENT ashore one night last November, dressed in shabby working clothes, and hatless, into the blue fog of Calcutta. Our ship was in the Kitrapore docks, far from the British and commercial part of the town, and surrounded by the native quarters. This was India and not Calcutta. The crowds were going home from the day's labor, and filled the streets with their brown backs, their white coats and long shirts. And I wandered with them, and sat among them for some time, listening to music played in a little square to celebrate their yearly festival.

After a while the music ceased, the crowd dispersed, and, repeating in me the cadences of the music, I rose drowsily to leave. Suddenly I heard English behind me—I was accosted: "You are an American?" A native in ordinary dress had come up to me, and spoke eagerly, and with a scholarly precision that showed his English to be good, but difficult. The crowd turned, surprised at the sound of the language. He said something I could not understand to them, and then as he joined me, he said, "It is always to Americans that I would speak. The American, he can understand. When he can, the Hindu goes to America to learn. America will wish to help India: India knows that America will help."

I was curious about what I had seen of the festival, and I questioned him. He told me much: of how it had originally been a festival of four days of hospitality every year to everyone who should enter a household's door, and how, rich or poor, he was bound to receive the same hospitality. He took me into a house where there was a courtyard with a cloister, and at one end of it a betinselled image of evident Japanese manufacture. But here the hosts looked down from behind blinds on those who really seemed to come to pay their respects, the hospitality being merely nominal. The people that were there gazed rather harshly at me, and I noticed with curiosity that when my companion said something to them, their looks seemed to soften.

But whenever I gave him a chance he would return to this subject of his. It seemed to obsess him, and he needed no encouragement from me. He would always speak to Americans because they were so different from the British. He had known, immediately he saw me, that I was an American and not British. The British did not dress so, and the British all stayed up where they had their town. They did not want to learn of India. But the Hindus were not a helpless race as the British said. They needed all the help they could get (and that

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was why he always spoke to Americans) though already they were doing much. Already they were making all their own cloth—had I not seen it in the markets? But they needed machinery to make their cloth, and they must buy this machinery from America and not from England. Hindus were taught English in the schools: they would be able to trade with the rest of the world—and they had much to make commerce with. There were Hindu pilots, and he himself was a stevedore foreman, able to take care of the loading of big ships, to measure the holds and tell how much cargo they would hold, and how the cargo was to be placed. Every Hindu would soon be able to do something skilled or useful. The crews of many of the big ships were Hindu, as I who was a sailor must have known. The Hindus had organized their own police, and it was not the native police that the English had trained, because, of course, the native police were there to serve . . . . were there for a purpose. . . . Had I seen those boys with red ribbons over their shoulders?

Everywhere we went he spoke to the bystanders. And each time I noticed that their expression changed, and I grew curious. So I asked him what it was he said. "They must understand that you are not British," he said; "I tell them that you are an American."

And he went on to tell me how all the Hindus were organizing. They would make all that they could themselves. But they could not make everything—they needed machinery—they were going to get it from America, and in that way none of their money would go to England. They would keep the English from selling anything in India. "Boycott?" I asked. Yes, that was the word he wanted. He thanked me profusely, and then went on, his queer phrases strung on his exalted voice, one to a breath. They would no longer buy English goods; the Hindus would learn to make everything for themselves, and they would no longer make things for England. Already they were striking. Did I know of the strikes? The harbor workers and the longshoremen? They were together. Fourteen annas a day were not enough for a man to live on, not even for what we called a coolie. It would be easier with one rupee.

"It would be easier with thirty-three cents, instead of twenty-nine," my mind repeated, while he went on. . . . In fifteen years from now, a new India . . . . America would help. Already Russia was helping. But when the time was come, when India was ready, surely America would help too.

"Yes," said I, a little sharply, "America will help if there is money to be gotten out of it. America is a selfish nation."

"Yes," he said, "I would like very much that I should go to America. I would like to see New York. It is a great city, I must always think. America is a free country: here we are not."

"Many years ago, perhaps," said I, "America *was* a free country. But now. . . ."

"Yes," he said, "I would like once to see New York." He did not understand.

"New York. . . ." I said. Then I realized and stopped. It was no use: he would not understand, nor could he believe, so blind and so overwhelming was his admiration for western civilization.

But he continued: all Hindus went to America to learn; he wished that he could too. America must know that they needed machinery. With machinery they could make all that was necessary, and India. . . . What? All the shells and guns, and every man in India would make something, and then, India, as one man. . . .

We parted, with promises and arrangements to meet the next evening. He was glad to have spoken to an American. And as I went back to my ship through the deserted streets, wondering at the strangeness of it all, I thought of how many of them there were, with each of them his little thing to do. They were so much a part of their toil, so little out of it, and they were so ground and starved into purposefulness they did not know how terrible it would be . . . . India as one man. . . .

Perhaps it was because I had not said that America was a wonderful place, perhaps because he was afraid he had said too much in his exaltation, and had regretted it. I do not know. But I could not find him the next evening.

THOMAS PYM COPE.

The Lawyer's Tale

Richard Roe wished himself Solomon,
Made cuckold you should know by one John Doe;
Solomon's neck was firm enough to bear
Some score of antlers more than Roe could wear.

Richard Roe wished himself Alexander,
Being robbed of house and land by the same hand,
Ten thousand acres or a principal town
Would have cost Alexander scarce a frown.

Richard Roe wished himself Job the prophet,
Sunk past reclaim in stinking rags and shame;
Job's plight was utterly bad, his own even worse,
He found no God to call on or to curse.

He wished himself Job, Solomon, Alexander
For cunning, patience, power to overthrow
His tyrant, but with heart gone so far rotten
That most of all he wished himself John Doe.

ROBERT GRAVES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

Isolation or Article X

SIR: There has been much talk, since the war, against America's mixing in European affairs, but little has been said against America's mixing in Asiatic affairs. Yet the Far Eastern problem is one that should be solved, without our interference, by China, Russia and Japan. The United States has just proved that it has the courage to fight, when the freedom of the world is threatened. Its next duty is to renounce its "expansion" program in the Pacific. The United States is big enough for the United States. America should abandon her open-door policy in China and retire from the Orient, bag and baggage.

The Allies, by the Treaty of Versailles, broke faith with the central powers. The United States, by its separate pact with Germany, has broken faith with friend and foe alike. It can not now say to Europe, "Go to the devil," and expect Europe to support its program against Japan.

The United States, to avoid war, must give up its aims in the Pacific, or join the Wilson league of nations without reservations. There is no choice between absolute isolation and Article X. It is time for America to put an end to her high-handed, better-than-thou attitude and try to make a few friends.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

No Triple Alliance

SIR: In accounts published by American newspapers of the proceedings at the British Imperial Conference sitting in London, I find the following statement:

"The British prime minister and foreign minister and the prime ministers of the British overseas dominions think the time is ripe for approaching the United States with a proposal to substitute *'some larger arrangement'* between the United States, Great Britain and Japan for the Anglo-Japanese *alliance."* In reading the above, one is irresistibly reminded of Admiral Sims's recent speech at a London banquet, in which he said that England and America in combination could control the earth (or words to that effect).

It is quite within the bounds of diplomatic usage and probability that the gallant and distinguished admiral was prompted in his speech (quite unconsciously of course) by "friendly conversations" which he had held with talented British diplomatists —in short, that a straw was thus thrown up in London to see which way the wind was blowing in America. To any such proposal, America should reply, in very courteous and diplomatic language, that she has no desire to control the earth, but, on the contrary, very earnestly desires to attend to her own affairs; that she has forty-eight states, each one as large as a European country, and is therefore quite satisfied with her present position.

A settlement of all questions in dispute, leading to a mutual reduction of armaments, would, of course, be cordially welcomed; but a *"larger arrangement,"* involving the "control of the earth," could not even be considered by the United States.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The Seamen's Union

SIR: In his letter published in your issue of August 24th, 1921, Mr. Furuseth says: "The American Seamen's Union would have been delighted to function under a Marine Council modeled on the British plan. But the spokesman for the American shipowners strenuously objected to the most vital feature of the British plan, i. e. 'preferrential employment for seamen.'"

If the British accord preference to organized seamen there is no declaration to that effect in the constitution of the National Maritime Board which provides that "equal rights of registration and employment must be secured for all seamen," that "the shipowner shall have the right to select his own crew at any time through a jointly controlled supply office," and that "the seamen shall have the right to select their ship." It is of course likely that the practice of employing seamen through a "jointly controlled supply office" results in an actual preference for organized seamen. This may be what Mr. Furuseth has in mind, but if so, it was not made clear at the 1919 conference where he created the impression that he was against any joint board except one to hear grievances, and he was against that if preference in employment were not accorded the members of the Seamen's Union. The conference was stalled by this question of preferential employment, and despite resolutions and subsequent fruitless negotiations, had its inevitable ending in industrial warfare.

Fundamentally, the question is whether the Seamen's Union is ready to assume its share of responsibility for conditions in the industry, or whether it prefers to remain outside, making good bargains when it can, bad bargains when it must, or fighting when no acceptable bargain is possible. "Preference," "recognition of the Union" and like phrases mean different things to different men, arouse foolish prejudices and clog progress. The Seamen's Union was asked to become a partner with the shipowners,—the Shipping Board stating orally through its representatives that it was willing to act in an advisory capacity only,—in a joint board which was to "make provision for the establishment of suitable machinery for the joint consideration of general labor policies to govern work, employment, and the mutual relations of the interests involved; for the arbitration of issues pertaining to compensation and working conditions; for the adjustment of grievances; and for the establishment and enforcement of such general standards of sanitation and working conditions as will promote the health and efficiency of the men employed aboard the vessels of the American merchant marine." There are those who feel that such a board is itself full recognition of the union and that preference in employment would follow as a matter of fact. Such an arrangement will undoubtedly again become possible in the future. When that opportunity comes the Seamen's Union will once more face the real issue, namely, whether it will come in and receive benefits commensurate with the responsibilities it assumes, or whether it will stay out and take what it can get according to its economic strength at the time.

HERBERT B. EHRMANN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The Lecture System

SIR: The letter of Professor Beard in your issue of August 17th is too unfair to the articles on professorial lecturing in other recent issues to be allowed to pass. Professor Dickinson Miller and the editor have done real service in bringing this matter into current discussion, and it is to be hoped that the discussion can be made of sufficient interest to draw in still others of wide experience and mature opinion in the field.

When one measures university lectures by the work of Morse Stephens (I heard him only in his last years) it is a species of misrepresentation. Possibly Dr. Beard's experience was fortunate. But I have worked as a student in two state universities and in two of our endowed universities; and lectures of the richness of those of Morse Stephens are too rare to bear enumeration. Such lectures should not be set off against work of the type that Professor Beard describes as the alternative. Let us measure it against the teaching of Professor Davenport of Cornell or others who have devoted earnest years to the development and application of a method of teaching without lectures.

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Certainly the prevailing presentation of almost any sort of hodge-podge of fact and fancy that will amuse and please immature youth is often worse than a waste of time. It tends even to obscure much slip-shod thinking that is less than mediocre, on the part of both student and instructor. Bare attendance on such work is almost sufficient to secure credit for completion of the course, which carries often but little value beyond that same credit.

Yet, this is the standard method among professors, this lecturing pleasantly. It has become a fetish along with the possession of certain degrees; and bold indeed is the beginner who sets about his task of simply showing the way through the subject-matter of his course, looking for real work on the part of students and encouraging it when found. His work cannot hope to attract numbers when measured against the performance of certain of his colleagues who have had time to master the art of the prevailing method. And woe to the man whose work does not attract numbers.

And how tired the students, whether able or indifferent, become of the never-ending stream of "lectures." A real and well prepared lecture is an essential element of the general schedule of work of the student; but it is not all.

ANDREW J. NEWMAN.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Have Women Names?

SIR: Have women names?

Your issue of July 27th, 1921.

Yes, of course, women have names, and they are symbols, too.

The woman simply annexes the man, and adds the name to her own.

Anna (Maria) Brown, (the Maria is superfluous) annexes Thomas Smith—and his name.

The symbol is Anna Brown Smith. The augmented name signifies conquest, achievement, fulfillment.

Of course women have names.

Hasn't Signe Toksvig, (I don't know what her real married name is) overlooked a very usual and useful custom. A "Miss" is unmarried, a "Mrs." is not.

ALLEN BRETT.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Classic Style in Architecture

SIR: It is not infrequent that we meet with a protest against the use of the period styles as applied to architecture and furniture, such as in the article by Lewis Mumford in the August 3rd issue of the New Republic. The desire for something new and different from the old is a well recognized quality in the human race; it begins with the child when he discards his first toys for newer ones. There is, also, the well recognized quality in man that causes love and appreciation for the objects which have served him well in the past and this latter quality has preserved all the precious heritages of the past without which we would have a most sorrowful present.

We must confess, at times, we have a feeling of monotony while passing through a street in one of our modern cities. On either side run endless lines of classic cornices, string courses and various other classic motives. The young architect may embrace with enthusiasm his first opportunity to employ the classic orders, but, after a time, he will find that their constant use no longer thrills him. The whole world has experienced periods when the classic forms were no longer satisfying and from this developed the great period styles. While the world has repeatedly broken away from the strict conformity with the classic forms, it is astonishing to note that the world has repeatedly returned to them and each time has experienced a new and even greater thrill.

This returning to the classic forms in architecture has never been a slavish adherence to the ancient orders, as the casual observer may suspect. Each time it has been the impetus which caused the birth of a new style built and modelled upon the foundations of the ancient forms. That the great period styles have survived until our day is evidence that they are far from being sterile. Any one awaits only the epoch and the artists by whose touch it may be made pregnant and from which a new and virile conception will spring forth. The begetting of such a style, however, is not to be had by the mere desire of an individual artist. We have seen in the astonishing work of Louis Sullivan or that of his follower, Mr. Wright, a truly masterly attempt to create a new style. And, who would not grant that Mr. Sullivan succeeded as nearly as any human could? Remarkable as is the work of Mr. Sullivan, it has left but a faint ripple upon the field of art. Even the great collective efforts of the Modern German and Austrian schools which started some twenty years ago, the world has coldly rejected. Mr. Cram has said, "An enduring style is founded upon the rock of antiquity; an ephemeral style is built upon the shifting sands of a personal vanity, which, denying the past, makes possible the future."

There is an abundance of evidence that we are upon the threshold of a great artistic epoch, especially as applied to architecture and applied arts, if, indeed, we are not already so far advanced and our vision is so near that it is only the perspective of time that we need to fully realize and appreciate the works that have been produced during the past few years. But, it would call for a great stretch of imagination to conceive that this road ran through the subways and cafeterias, leading ultimately to a field productive of results which are to satisfy the eternal craving for a new style.

Examination of the details and materials which are used in the building of a modern restaurant, such as the machine-made tile, the glass, the metal work, etc., will disclose that these materials possess almost every quality that is detrimental to a work of art, and almost nothing that goes to make up a work of art. A few inlaid panels of terra-cotta, ingenious but indifferent in design; a few bits of glass mosaic, slightly suggestive of the Cosmoto work of the seventh century, would scarcely lead one to surmise that such details contain the embryos of a future style.

To mention the names of Ruskin and Morris, even indirectly, in connection with the modern cafeteria, would seem almost a sacrilege. These men were the first to raise their voices against the machine. Imagine with what horror they would again close their eyes if they were permitted to open them suddenly in one of our modern restaurants.

We would not quarrel over the statement that every article "of its kind" in the modern restaurant is excellent, but we know of no delight that comes to the artist from "accuracy," "unerring fidelity," "geometric or hairbreadth perfection." In fact, it would be difficult to find terms which describe better the very qualities which the artist should avoid.

The present development in all the arts, well along the road towards another golden age, has been reached not by or through the machine, but in spite of it. Its geometric perfection and hair's breadth accuracy have been overcome by a skillful camouflage, given by the hand of man, through which and by which it is safe to assert all genuine works of art must be produced. The dark ages of art which swept over the world with the advent of the machine left man's artistic soul burning with but a feeble light. The rekindling of the spark which has been nursed and fanned into the leaping flame of the present, is proof that, though the artistic gift may lie dormant for a time, it is one of the eternal qualities of the race.

GUY STUDY.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Back to Dempsey

SIR: Your Dempsey-Carpentier writing seems to have been quite alive. Sarah J. Eddy and Lillian A. Garing in their womanly honesty saw one thing and Morris R. Cohen in his loyal regard for Einstein, saw another. And I saw something else. It was the best and funniest account of the fight that I read and I have devoured a dozen stories of it. I have reported a good many fights beginning with the K. O. of Ryan by Sullivan. But I never attended a scrap that I was not ordered to cover. If the Dempsey and Carpentier bout had been in my own town I would not have seen it. On the other hand I read the fight dope in all the many papers and magazines that come to my table, just ate it up. Thousands of others did the same thing. Why? Whether or not it is elegant, the prize fight is the apex of the physical courage in peoples. In foot-ball the boys are rah-rahed on and there is a prestige and respectability about it that brings in more or less of the moral equation. Mob physical courage is too often mass insanity. The bravery of the soldier partakes of spirit, pride, excitement and moral values. Always the physical must be the instrument of moral functioning. In prize fighting it is all physical and the manifestation is individual, cool, calculating and no doubt brutal.

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The war is over and perhaps it is not nice to call attention to the fact that the Germans never have developed a first class prize fighter. At a certain psychical phase of the war they couldn't run fast enough. The excellent ladies say the topic is degrading. But the New Republic and all who are alive in heart and mind are forced to consider worse forms of degradation than prize fighting, by which I do not mean to say that I hold any brief for the Dempseys and Carps of the world and their game. I am glad that the New Republic ran the stuff. It was darned well done. CHASE S. OSBORN.

Sault de Sainte Marie, Michigan.

Our Political Machinery

SIR: In your editorial, Reality in Politics, in the August 17th issue, you quote Viscount Bryce as saying, "The prospect of improving the relations of states and peoples to one another depends on the possibility of improving human nature itself." Of the same import, is Mr. Norman Angell's statement, in his article, War and the Public Mind, "the failure or success of democracy is determined by the presence or absence of certain moral values." I would like to point out that the presence of moral values does not insure the success of democracy unless they are expressed through the right kind of political machinery. The failure of a democracy or the failure of a people to avoid war or other trouble, is not necessarily due to the absence of moral qualities, but may be due to the absence of the proper machinery through which a people can give expression to their will.

If this is true, would it not be well to inquire if such a thing is not actually the case today? If we found our troubles were *principally due to a faulty political machinery* instead of faulty human nature, wouldn't our task be made a lot easier? I am of the opinion such is actually the case. I can think of numerous instances where, if the people had the proper machinery to express themselves, something would have been accomplished; not having it, they fell back into the same old position.

I maintain that human nature has never been given a fair show, and until it has, through the proper machinery, no one is in the position to say whether human nature is at fault or not. All our political machinery requires more of the people than we have any right to expect. An examination of the means by which people give expression to their will, shows that the chances are that in most cases human nature is not at fault at all. So far no method of voting, which is the means by which the people attempt to express their will, has ever permitted anything like adequate expression. The principle of majority rule, on which all methods of voting so far have been based, puts a man in a position where he is forced to choose between his own will and the unrestrained will of another. He, of course, chooses his own. His choice is necessarily a selfish choice. The methods of voting practically force a man to be selfish whether he wishes to be or not. How, under the circumstances, can anything other than selfishness be the rule? Accordingly, the first thing on the program should be to furnish a method of voting by which human nature can express itself adequately.

Viscount Bryce and Mr. Angell both assume that human nature is at fault. To correct things they would change human nature to conform with a lot of crazy political machinery; they would make the foot fit the shoe, instead of making the shoe fit the foot.

WILLIAM CROCKER.

Prescott, Arizona.

War Monuments

SIR: This would seem to be the season for the unveiling of the usual post-war memorial monuments. I have seen some of these. Might I suggest, out of the rebellion of my spirit at the war sentiments engraved thereon, a new inscription—a peace inscription—to read somewhat as follows:

"In memory of those who gave their lives in the war to end war, this monument is dedicated to the cause of everlasting peace." AGNES B. HEDGES.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Bandwagon

During the love-feasts that celebrated Mr. Adolph Ochs's 25th year in control of the New York Times, that gentleman insisted on his unassailable virtue.

"Whether we are right or wrong our views are not directly or indirectly presented with any thought that they may please or displease a reader . . .

"In no issue was principle ever surrendered or subordinated to expediency . . ."

How, may we ask, about the issue of September 19, 1918?

On September 16, 1918, the New York Times surprised its readers with a favorable reception of the Austrian peace overture. We quote its judicious words:

"From Vienna, the quarter in which for three years the Allies have felt that the movement for peace would originate, comes the first veritable peace offer, and it comes in a form which the Allies may honorably accept in the confident belief that it will lead to the end of the war. The Austro-Hungarian Government invites all the belligerent Governments to authorize their representatives to attend a conference held on neutral soil with a view to a 'non-binding' discussion of the terms of peace. It is the hope of that Government that if, in a confidential exchange of views, the position of the different Governments shall be mutually made known, it may be possible to formulate a statement of terms which, when reported by the delegates to their respective Governments, might be accepted as a reasonable basis of formal peace negotiations.

"The custom and practice of nations demand that this invitation to enter upon the preliminaries of peace receive the most serious and respectful attention of the Governments to which it is addressed. . . . We are bound to accept it as the sincere expression of a desire for much needed peace. . . . The Vienna invitation to conference is not of the kind that victors send forth. Upon that we need not dwell. All the belligerents desire the end of the war. The stricken world longs for peace. While no armistice precedes this conference, we are justified in entertaining the hope, the belief, even, that fighting will cease this year as the fruit of this 'non-binding' discussion of terms. . . . Reason and humanity demand that the Austrian invitation be accepted. . . . We cannot imagine that the invitation will be declined. . . . Only the madness or the soulless depravity of some one of the belligerent Powers could obstruct or defeat the purpose of the conference."

A bold utterance! It was no sooner printed than the Times, caught in the flood of war-feeling, was deluged with protest. Three days later, abject, panic-stricken, it came out with its editorial, "No Negotiated Peace."

"Austria and Germany have themselves to blame if, when they confess defeat and propose peace, the proposal is peremptorily rejected as insincere. . . . In a sense, any discussion of peace would be a negotiation, but that sense of the word is now inapplicable. Negotiation means trade, a bargaining. There will be no trade, no bargaining with the criminal Powers which had long planned the war, which began it and have carried it on like outlaws. . . . That has always been the attitude of The Times, it is the attitude of The Times today. It will not be changed. Some of our readers and good friends have very evidently misunderstood a recent editorial published in these columns. If there was in that article any warrant for the impression that this newspaper has in the slightest degree changed the attitude it has consistently maintained from the beginning of the war we wish to disclaim absolutely any purpose of that nature. . . . The Times regarded the Austrian proposal as a confession of defeat, *we construed it as an offer to surrender*. If we erred it was in putting that construction upon the invitation . . . even when they want to surrender the world believes they are shamming. For this they can blame only themselves. . . ."

Two days later, another editorial: "No 'Exchange of Ideas.'" The Times repeats its subserviency.

This instructive episode in the history of the New York Times is barely three years old. There is something almost superb in the unctuousness of Mr. Ochs in his self-congratulation.

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Tired Radicals

Tired Radicals, and other papers, by Walter Weyl. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

AS a friend of the late Walter Weyl I rejoice to see this fine selection of his articles. Among the papers it contains there were several that came out in the New Republic—the short and profound account of the unemployed, the dramatic picture of the English Coal Commission meeting "in the King's Robing Room," the desperately candid portrait of Woodrow Wilson fallen from his pedestal. Of the rest, one is the opening of a book that was not finished—The Concert of the Classes. Three of the others deal with the Far East, to which Walter Weyl was about to return when he fell ill. And then, not before published, there is his clear-eyed paper, Tired Radicals. These are collected into a volume singularly pleasant in appearance and arrangement.

I find it hard to write of Walter Weyl, hard to stand away from him and talk of this book. But in its contents, so representative, so fresh and powerful, there is the theme itself. Walter Weyl was what is usually called a publicist—the kind of writer, that is, who gives to political and social thinking the form in which it can be assimilated by educated people. Such a description, however, gives only the slightest suggestion of what Walter Weyl was really like underneath. Underneath he was, in the essence of the word, a radical. He wanted to change the adjustments of the world, as so many do. But also he wanted to change the values of the world, and behind everything he said there was his belief in the necessity for a transvaluation of values. For this reason he was peculiarly a man of open mind, a man for whom it was imperative that he should feel and know other people as they were. This meant sympathetic but, at times, fatal penetration.

It is the poet's gift to transvalue values without regard to the world as it exists. Walter Weyl came to the world as it exists as an economist and statistician, and when he imagined the world changed it was always with due relation to the facts that he so ardently amassed. All through the New Democracy and all through these papers one is reminded of the quantitative expert that resided in Walter Weyl. He belonged, in this sense, to the industrial age. His culture, in this particular, was harshly realistic. And when he came to criticize the great failure of Woodrow Wilson at Versailles he fixed on Wilson's main cultural limitation. "Mr. Wilson apparently did not see that his Fourteen Points were not an explicit program but were something less and infinitely more—a splendid but vague summary of decades of thought—not of Mr. Wilson's thought but of the thought of the world, derived from the long perceived needs of millions of ordinary men and women. Having restated his philosophy Mr. Wilson refrained from taking the next step of working out a plan of action. He went into the jungle with a map of the world but without a compass."

Walter Weyl's allegiance to facts—facts considered quantitatively and scientifically—is exemplified all through these articles. He went to Japan with major facts to learn. With these facts comprehended, he then envisaged the real problem of Japan and the fatalism of Japan in regard to it. If the birth-rate must increase, if the population must rise to 100,000,000, what adjustments are to be made, in a country with "a farm area less than half that of the single state of Iowa," where landlordism brings the price of good paddy lands up to $800 an acre (in 1915)? He turned from Japan to China with this question in mind, and he was ready to spend years searching for the answer.

Such an attitude toward facts usually results in dreary reading. Walter Weyl erred if at all in his determination to be vivid, to be picturesque. It was only in his later articles, I think, that he relaxed in his efforts to live up to the requirements of the popular American magazine and by reason of that relaxation became much more telling and persuasive. In The Crumbling House of Lords he depicts the London unemployed. "A naked, dirt-caked arm, thrust from a sleeveless coat, touched my shoulder." This is recalled three times or more—"a dirt-caked arm." It is a trick, and too obvious. The second English article, In a King's Robing Room, is all the stronger because its interest is in the well-lit situation, not in a jerking spotlight thrown on the situation. And as Walter Weyl matured he learned better every year to assimilate his style with his material, to forget his popular obligations. He was helped by finding for his books a large public that encouraged him to talk in his natural idiom.

Walter Weyl was a publicist. But I recur to the conception of him as not so much an intellectual, an economist, a statistician, as a convinced and far-seeing radical. His respect for facts separated him from the people who rant and roar, who take every social wrong and social tragedy simply as an excuse for relieving their feelings. But even more completely did his respect for facts separate him from the complacent, the muddled, the concave, the opportunistic, the cynical. Walter Weyl hated to witness pain or to give pain or even to think of it. He was personally gentle and humble and extraordinarily easy to get on with. He liked to sit near the fire of friendship and kindness. But his mind was incorruptible. He hesitated to condemn or pass judgment, to clash or to differ, but when it came to the point he held that facts must be called by their right names, and he held this because, underneath everything, he was ardent, single-minded and beautifully whole of spirit. To him radicalism was not merely the name for a method but the name for a faith, the faith in a new social order, a new democracy, a new republic. He derived his faith from the very acuteness of his nervous organism; from his concrete tangible sense of the evils that exist in society and the endless necessity of plutocracy to obscure and disguise those evils; from his ever-present awareness of the irony of existing social pretensions and yet from his touch of Hebrew prophetic solemnity. He was not impatient. Nervously quick, he was intellectually cool, balanced, judicial. He was genuinely emancipated from passion and temperamentally fair. But in the end he was seeking a social program by which the corruptions of plutocracy—the corruptions that already penetrate American public opinion—could be wholly corrected and its rightful place given to "the modern wage-earning class." "Political equality is a farce and a peril unless there is at least some measure of economic equality." "There can be no equality, nor any approach to equality, except among men economically independent and economically comparable." Those were convictions that Walter Weyl never forgot, even though he argued for "progress," and was tolerant of "a public growing gradually in intelligence and social consciousness."

In the seven-page essay that gives its title to this book one feels his very subtle and fine appreciation of those among us who "marry pleasant wives, beget interesting

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children, and begin to build homes in the country," and abnegate.

"How preternaturally practical they become! How they grow enamored of the Indifferent because better than the Bad, and of the Bad because better than the Worse! How they decline into feeble, dwarfed enthusiasms, the pale ghosts of their former ambitions! But let their decline be smooth and their transition easy. Let them tranquilly convince themselves that 'every nation has the government it deserves,' that 'progress comes by good will alone,' that the world will better itself or that it is past bettering, and let them accept all the other sedative aphorisms that end gently in a quietistic philosophy."

Of whom was Walter Weyl thinking? Of all of us, whose moral mortgages increase with every year we live. But he himself did not come into that ageing group. Unable in many ways to adapt himself to journalism, his work in this journalistic collection shows that, if "radicalism is a young man's job," he was one of the few older guides who are needed, "men who preserve an even balance between imagination and judgment, between enthusiasm and experience, and who though old are young."

The intellectual man desires, because of the nature of thinking, a world "whence strife and conflict and zeal are banished." In that bad sense Walter Weyl never became an intellectual. He never desisted in his effort to master and accomodate the facts. He never ceased in his struggle to see, to hear, to understand. He remained, up to the day that the shadow of death fell across his road, a human being who allied himself in love with other human beings and yet knew in sweetness that to win a better world one bringeth not peace but a sword.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Dangerous Ages

Dangerous Ages, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright.

SOCIAL philosophers of the nineteenth century without number have considered the British family as the institution of that interesting period presenting the appearance of greatest solidity, dignity and permanence. Class, religion, education, all seemed to combine to preserve it intact and immaculate. Readers of Mr. E. F. Benson's delightful Our Family Affairs have before them a picture of English family life and an English home in all its intimate charm. The philosopher must pause doubtfully and perhaps sadly when he enters the twentieth century family as Mr. Galsworthy portrays it in Fraternity, or Mr. George in The Second Blooming, or Miss May Sinclair in The Tree of Heaven, or Miss Delafield in The Pelicans, or Miss Rose Macaulay in Potterism. For the causes of the change he will cite the explosive power of sex, the battering force of feminism, the social disintegration of the war. These are all taken for granted by Miss Macaulay in Dangerous Ages, and a fourth is added—the revolt of age.

To his Fra Angelico picture of the joys of heaven Giles Fletcher adds a touch which might have served Miss Macaulay as a motto for her book:

> The infant wonders how he came so old,
> The old man, how he came so young again.

It must be added hastily that Miss Macaulay's conception of life is not that of Fra Angelico nor is her scene a paradise. It is a modern English family, in which the characters instead of being content with the station of age to which it has pleased God to advance them, throw themselves against the barriers which classify them as adolescent, middle aged, and senile, and meet as adversaries in the same lists. Yet for the first few pages the readers imagines himself in Paradise.

Neville is awaking on her birthday,—awaking "from the dream-broken sleep of summer dawns," "roused by the multitudinous silver calling of a world full of birds." She "turned on her face, cupped her small, pale, tanned face in her sunburnt hands, and looked out with sleepy violet eyes." Springing out of bed, she "thrust her brown feet into sand shoes, her slight straight pyjama-clad body into a big coat, quietly slipped into the passage, where, behind three shut doors, slept Rodney, Gerda and Kay, and stole down the back stairs to the kitchen." Munching a thick chunk of bread spread with marmalade, she fetched Esau, and sauntered across the wet and silver lawn to the wood. Where the stream made a pool between the rocks "she removed coat, shoes and pyjamas and sat poised on the jutting rock, a slight and naked body, long in the leg, finely and supplely knit with light flexible muscles." She slipped into the cold, clear, swirling pool, and on scrambling out discovered that she had forgotten the towel, dried herself in her coat, resumed her pyjamas, ate a second slice of bread and marmalade, and swarmed up the smooth trunk of a beech tree, "in order to get into the sunshine, and, sat on a broad branch astride, whistling shrilly, trying to catch the tune now from one bird, now from another." A lovely picture of youth you exclaim; Nausicaa, Rosalind, Lucy Desborough drawn with the eternal charm of physical girlhood, and spiritual freedom from clothes. And you are right, though you learn in a page or two that Neville's birthday is her forty-third, and that Gerda and Kay are her children and Rodney her husband and a member of Parliament.

Kay and Gerda come to join her, "lithe, supple creatures of twenty and twenty-one," and Neville walks back between them "looking like an ageless wood-dryad between two slim young saplings." "Kay was like her only his violet eyes were short-sighted and he wore glasses." "Gerda was smaller, fragile and straight as a wand, with a white little face and wavy hair of pure gold, bobbed round her thin white neck." "There was a look of immaculate sexless purity about Gerda; she might have stood for the angel Gabriel, wide-eyed and young and grave. With this wide innocent look she would talk unabashed of things which Neville found revolting." "'Considering,' said Gerda, 'that there are millions more women than men in this country, it stands to reason that some system of polygamy must become the usual thing in the future.'"

Across the garden comes Neville's sister, Nan, thirty-three and a half, "long and lissome with a small, round, sallow face and withdrawn, brooding yellow eyes under sulky black brows that slanted up to the outer corners . . . She was a cynic, a rake, an excellent literary critic, a sardonic and brilliant novelist, and she had a passionate, adoring and protecting affection for Neville who was the only person who had always been told what she called the darker secrets of her life."

In this fashion Miss Macaulay presents her characters, highly visualized, analyzed, and dramatized in speech and action—a little too obviously defined perhaps in their various categories. Their speech is not so maliciously epigrammatic as that of the Potters and their circle, and the pattern of life which they weave is not so sensationally grotesque. The war of the generations is fiercely fought

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in the duel between Nan and Gerda—Nan with her knowledge of life, nervous strength, passion, cruelty; Gerda with her simplicity, sureness of instinct, childish daring. But the revolt of age is seen in Neville's mother, sixty-three, a widow who having been the home-maker for her husband and children has nothing left to do but mourn the former and conduct a campaign of perpetual intrigue to maintain a useless relation with the latter. "Mrs. Hilary had lived in and by her emotions; nothing else had counted. Life for her had burnt itself out, and its remnant was like the fag end of a cigarette, stale and old." She is a vivaciously pathetic figure, never more so than when surrounded by her offspring—Jim, her favorite, Neville, her next beloved, Gilbert whose wife practises insult as a fine art, Pamela who annoys her by her devotion to Frances Carr, the friend with whom she lives, and Nan who annoys her by "getting talked about" with men. And finally bringing up the rear of the procession in her donkey cart is Mrs. Hilary's mother, eighty-four, a delightful old lady of that early Victorian school which seems more modern than the later. She has grown old naturally, as the phrase used to be, and life for her has become chiefly literature. She likes Tchekov's Letters and thinks General Booth's life should have been written by Mr. Lytton Strachey instead of Mr. Harold Begbie; "he has a better touch on our great religious leaders." Her calm, humorous, reconciled attitude makes a foil for the troubled, defeated spirit of her daughter. Books have no consolation for Mrs. Hilary. A psycho-analyst to whom she can tell the story of her life at a guinea an hour is the fountain in her desert.

If there is a fault in the structure of the book it is that Miss Macaulay does not keep her promise in regard to Neville—the promise implied in the first alluring pages. This is not due, however, to a lapse of purpose or a failure of intention. With so many figures to manoeuvre on a small stage, the author has little chance to reserve the centre for the star. Moreover, Neville's revolt is not dramatic nor is her failure catastrophic. She merely finds that in attempting to resume her medical studies her brain has lost its cunning. She had spent it on Rodney and Gerda and Kay. "She had become soft willed." In the struggle of the ages about her she becomes more and more a spectator. It would doubtless have been too great a concession to fiction to have given her the part of dea ex machina in the reconciliation,—and there is no reconciliation. The characters merely fade into the background of the darkening scene. But the reader will feel disappointed of his farewell to Neville, even though it be but lorn autumn after the opening of triumphant spring.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

La Guerre Absolue

La Guerre Absolue, by Georges Batault. Paris: Payot & Cie.

WHILE our young lions are disturbing our slumbers with direful pictures of "the next war," comes Georges Batault with the pleasing information that war is the law of life, a continuous process in which illusory intervals of peace are merely years of recuperation, preparation, propaganda, and accumulation for a renewal of normalcy. This engaging thesis, buttressed by citations from the best French authorities, contains the following parts. First, the machine conquers mankind; the tractor breaks the soil of Siam and Zululand, the steam driven loom smashes the shuttle of the Annam weaver in her hands, and the shriek of the locomotive is heard in the African jungle. Behind the machine is the terrific pressure of all-conquering capitalism; in front of it is the laborer, a mechanism standardized by the instrument at which he works. Second, a standardized industrial democracy, with interchangeable parts, alike in Manitoba, Manchester, Lyons, Hamburg, and Belgrade, leads inexorably to consolidation, to state socialism (étatisme) and centralization. Third, great industry, finance, and commerce lead inexorably to state socialism and centralization. War leads to state socialism and centralization. Fourth, Kultur, whether the German or any other brand, is nothing else but the religion of the state, the all-conquering, all-devouring collectivity created by war, finance, commerce, democracy, and great industry. So this mighty Frankenstein which mankind has created and cannot control is reeling onward through the wreck of matter and crush of worlds to the music of the spheres and the laughter of the ironic gods.

There were wars, thousands of wars, before the modern age, but it was left to industry, finance, and democracy to make war absolute, all embracing, sweeping within its control fields, factories, workshops, men, women, and children, the quiet scholar with his deadly test tube, the gentle mother—the nurse of the afflicted, and even the poor professor, once spurned of all, who is able to do his bit with a pen more deadly than the chemist's test tube. With calm and majestic rhythm, Batault recites the history of the hundred years or more in which war, all embracing and absolute, has been taking form and crowding from the world theatre dynastic wars, boudoir wars, royal and imperial pleasantries. He opens with the French Revolution. It was the French, aroused en masse, who first showed startled Europe how much more dreadful a mobilized nation could be than an army of royal mercenaries. Foch is quoted at length in support of the proposition that it was the French generals, especially Napoleon, who first shattered the old principles of war and military strategy, and substituted the war of nations embattled, war absolute and universal. From the French, the Prussians, defeated and humiliated by Napoleon's armies, learned the inevitable lesson. Under Stein, Hardenburg, and Scharnhorst, they released the serfs from feudal masters and bound them to the state, even giving them the vote, they created universal service, and they founded a university in which professors might form the new religion of the Prussian state. German military men, under the tutelage of Clausewitz, studied the operations of the French national armies and the manifestations of French national passion, generalized new rules of war, perfected the technique of Napoleon, and summoned to the cause of war all the resources of capitalism, state socialism, education, journalism, espionage, and diplomatic craft. What we have mistaken for Teutonic militarism is, however, according to Batault, not Teutonic at all, but the supreme achievement of democracy, capitalism, and war. "The science and erudition of the Germans," he concludes, "have only followed to its final consequences, that logical evolution which will impose itself, sooner or later, on all other nations, even the victorious, under penalty of bondage or dissolution."

"But," exclaims the mild humanitarian, "it must not be." Batault answers in effect: "What can you do against the inexorable forces of nature herself?" There

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is another cry. "But," says the socialist, "we will overturn capitalism." Batault answers in effect: "In Russia you have the first grand social revolution accompanied by civil war, crimes, follies, bestialities, espionage, oppression, blasting passions, and the promise of a world holocaust." On page 274, he coolly tells us that "to hope that eternal peace will arise from the red caprice of the impulsive mob is nothing but sheer utopia." Peace foundations, exchange professorships, travelling scholarships, mild propaganda on pleasing international relations, world congresses of religionists, labor leaders, women, and scientists —what can these things avail? *"War is the most general law of the evolution of human societies."* By the irony of fate the French Revolution which thrust the ballot into the hands of the citizen made him a conscript; the industrial revolution in the production of goods, transformed war from a small and restricted operation into complete social operation; nationalism or self-determination (proclaimed under the banner of the rights of nations) has enlisted the most terrible of human passions in the cause of war to the destruction of all rights. Hold, enough! It was dreadful to read such things in obscure and mystic German with its verbs a mile away. It is like crucifixion to read them in the clear, steel-cut, deadly precise language of a Frenchman. We know he cannot be right, because our hearts tell us so.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Americanization?

The Problem of Americanization, by Dr. Peter Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THERE are almost as many kinds of Americanization as there are kinds of Americans, but for present purposes it is sufficient to note two or three. There is that vague person, who is none the less ardent for being vague, to whom Americanization means simply something done to somebody by somebody else; there is that other, and his name is legion, who regards Americanization merely as anti-radical propaganda in any form; and finally there are a few who believe that Americanization offers a long sought opportunity to bring about a reciprocity of understanding between the native and the foreign born in this country. It is with these last that I take my stand, and it is here that I find myself at odds with Dr. Roberts, for while I see the possibility for the creation of a mutual understanding and sympathy that will in time weld all the various human ingredients of this country into a harmonious whole, Dr. Roberts seems to see nothing but the chance to combat a pink chimera which he terms radicalism. In fact, the entire tenor of the book is indicated in its introduction, where the author remarks "The radicals have a well organized speakers' bureau, a many-tongued press, and a fervency in attack which cannot be parallelled by any constructive and conserving medium interested in aliens . . . The radicals have long had the right of way in communities made up of foreign speaking peoples. We should match this with a propaganda of enlightenment . . ." There is no need to quote further, for the rest of the book simply plays endless variations on this theme.

In the first place the charges Dr. Roberts makes are false both in themselves and in all that they imply. Let me immediately qualify this statement. These charges are false *if* Dr. Roberts means by radicals the same thing that Mr. Palmer meant, that is, persons engaged in treasonable and seditious propaganda. If on the other hand Dr. Roberts intends the term to convey merely someone who does not think as he does he is undoubtedly correct in his assertion. Assuming this last to be the fact—and this assumption is the only one possible after the author's statement, unless we are to accept my first suggestion as true, in which instance the book is completely disqualified for serious consideration at once—it is apparent that it is necessary to ascertain the exact quality of that "enlightenment" which Dr. Roberts proposes to spread through this medium. But first there are a few correlative facts worth noting.

Dr. Peter Roberts is one of the executive secretaries of the Industrial Department of the Y. M. C. A. The policy of this program was originated by him and comes under his direction. Further, the program has been adopted and endorsed in its entirety by the American Legion. It is obvious therefore that of all the various Americanization plans and programs in the country this is the most widely used because of the unusual channels of dissemination placed at its disposal through hundreds of Y. M. C. A. field secretaries and American Legion posts. It is my understanding that this book of Mr. Roberts which is under discussion is the official text-book of this plan. Hence it is important whatever be its virtues or lack of them.

One of Dr. Roberts's catch-phrases is "Work *with* the alien not *for* him." This is a commendable point of view, but from cover to cover every dictum given for the use of the professional Americanizer is in direct contradiction to it. It is thoroughly evident that to the writer Americanization is something, a theory, a scheme of propaganda or what-not, to be superimposed upon the immigrant. He is to be "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and then having been cleansed of all his inherited traits and characteristics he is to be clothed anew in the garment of righteousness which Dr. Roberts so kindly provides. If this be Americanization I want none of it, and I am quite certain that the immigrant does not. Indeed the provincialism of Dr. Roberts's point of view is almost incredible to anyone who has not read Main Street. Anything that may even faintly be regarded as radicalism is simply anathema to him; he regards European culture with a condescending and a dubious eye, for in speaking of the immigrant's background he remarks that "the literature of these several people has much in it that is worth while"; he appears to be inclined to believe that the manifest social and industrial evils under which the alien labors in this country are entirely the fault of those who undergo them; the same with the housing conditions; he complains because immigrants are dirty, because they wear "unique garments," because they "do not observe sanitary rules in eating"; and he finally remarks that in any event the immigrant from south-eastern Europe comes from a life "spent in penury and stupidity." I don't know about the penury, but if the immigrant from south-eastern Europe is any more stupid than Dr. Roberts I fear there is little hope for him.

One cannot even approach the problem of Americanization intelligently until one has a working knowledge of the social, industrial, political, and cultural background of each of the immigrant groups in this country. So far as the evidence of this book goes to show, Dr. Roberts is abysmally ignorant of all these things, so ignorant in fact that he doesn't even know that he ought to know them. And when this lesson has been learned one must turn to the next phase and inquire what the immigrant expected to find in this country and why he expected to find it, what he did find

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and why he found it, and the whole panorama of his social, industrial, political, and cultural status here. All this is the building material for the structure of Americanization. It is simple enough to sit and dream theories, and substantiate them with other theories, but we are dealing with concrete conditions, and it is just these conditions that Dr. Roberts does not know. It is actually not an exaggeration to say that his book contains more misinformation to the square page than any other on the subject of which I have any knowledge, and it has been my painful duty to read a number.

Two things one must have in Americanization as in everything else, a point of view and the data which engender it. In the instance of Dr. Roberts's book both his point of view and his data are wholly unreliable.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

Evelyn's Diary

The Early Life and Education of John Evelyn. With a Commentory by H. Maynard Smith. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

BEFORE the war, in the days when his novelties seemed more novel than they do at present, Mr. Chesterton amused us with a story of an Englishman who defined mistletoe to a German thus—"Well, you know holly; mistletoe's the opposite." Most people know Pepys's Diary. Evelyn's is the opposite. More sober, concise, decorous, reserved, it does not possess the animation of Pepys; it does not make the reader chuckle. Possibly this is why Evelyn has never been so adequately edited as Pepys, or perhaps the reason is merely that the original manuscripts are jealously guarded by the Evelyn family. Mr. H. Maynard Smith works under the curious handicap of never having seen the original of his text. It is to be hoped that when the custodians of the original see this first instalment of Mr. Smith's edition they will repent and do their bit in making this version the standard one.

The present volume gives us Evelyn's account of the first twenty-one years of his life. That account is in itself somewhat bare and unadorned, but Mr. Smith has amplified it at the rate of four or five pages of notes to each one of text. He apologizes divertingly for this apparent disproportion, as follows:

> Most people will say that I have a fine beast, but its tail is too long for its body, or, without metaphor, that the notes are out of proportion to the text. . . . I do not apologize, for it is the nature of a hobby-horse not to conform to the ordinary ideas of equine symmetry.

Nobody will wish these notes away. The vagaries of medical diagnosis in the seventeenth century, the importance attached to dying in an edifying manner, the discipline at Eton and other schools, dancing and dramatics at Oxford, wedding customs, funeral expenses, the diversions of a young man about town—such are some of the topics here treated, and they are as entertaining as they are various. Even the ubiquitous Mr. Pepys appears in the notes, for when Evelyn mentions visiting Rochester Cathedral in 1641, Mr. Smith reminds us that twenty-four years later Pepys visited Rochester Castle, and on the stairs "did overtake three pretty maids," and kissed them. We find no such confessions in Evelyn. But if the entertainment of the present volume is to be found chiefly in the notes, there is much that is curious in the text itself. For example, Mr. Smith has distinguished by square brackets a good many passages which he believes—and his reasoning is very plausible—to have been added at some time, by Evelyn himself, to the first draft. These additions, if they are such, seem to have been intended by Evelyn not only as supplements, but as improvements. They were sometimes quite the reverse. Having originally said of his mother's death, "with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God," he spoils all by adding, probably a good deal later,

> Thus ended that prudent and pious woman, in the flower of her age, to the inconsolable affliction of her husband, irreparable loss of her children, and universal regret of all that knew her.

It is to be feared that Evelyn became a very tedious old gentleman, but perhaps he never talked in this strain. One hopes not.

In a very disarming preface Mr. Smith admits that his notes follow one another without continuity, but he remarks that the same "disconcerting irrelevance" is to be observed in the events of our lives, and he concludes, "Those who read the book will, I hope, begin to breathe the atmosphere of the seventeenth century; and those who only want information will find help from the index."

BEN C. CLOUGH.

Selected Current Books

The Great Way, by Horace Fish. Kennerley. $2.00.
A novel of Spain by a New Yorker. "A whiff of lilac-spray," says the publisher.

Life of Venizelos, by S. B. Chester. Doran. $6.00.
A sympathetic portrait-biography, with an introductory letter from the subject.

The Wasted Generation, by Owen Johnson. Little, Brown. $2.00.
A new novel, dedicated to Hugh Walpole.

Unemployment, compiled by Julia E. Johnson. H. W. Wilson. $1.80.
Selected articles arranged for Debaters' Handbook Series.

A Correction

In Mr. Morris R. Cohen's review of Frazer's Folk-Lore in the Old Testament, issue of September 7, there were two serious typographical errors. In the second paragraph after line four a whole line was omitted, which should read: "possible and many impossible sources. Frazer is a born story teller, and the." Further, the eight lines at the foot of column two of page 51 were wrongly interchanged with the eight lines at the foot of column one of the same page. We regret these unfortunate and confusing mistakes, and offer our apologies to our readers and Mr. Cohen.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS for a number of years has been a reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun. He made an investigation of the West Virginia situation for the Sun and spent two weeks in Williamson during the trial of Sid Hatfield.

CLIVE BELL, the English literary critic, is the author of Art, and Pot Boilers.

EDWARD G. LOWRY was formerly Managing Editor of the New York Evening Post. He served in the diplomatic service during the war.

THOMAS PYM COPE was connected with the Friends Mission in France. Since the war he has made a trip around the world as a common seaman.

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